

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

No. 2732.—VOL. XCIX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1891.

TWO (SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS) BY POST, 6d.



BALL GIVEN IN HONOUR OF THE FRENCH ADMIRAL AND OFFICERS AT PORTSMOUTH TOWNHALL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

When members of a reigning family are so good as to ask you to be their guests, it is considered all the world over (except in Dahomey, where wise men send a medical certificate to excuse themselves) to be a "command"; you must accept the invitation, no matter how great may be the inconvenience. This must be very nice (for royalty); but what one envies Royal Highnesses still more for is that they can get rid of their guests with equal facility. They have chamberlains and comptrollers who can say to people what they can hardly say themselves—"You don't come up to sample: instead of being amusing you are rather a bore than otherwise. Be off!" or, if it's a lady, "Your room is wanted"—when she understands at once that her company is not. People of this high class are said to "entertain" visitors, but that is an inversion of the actual fact: their object is to be entertained. And quite right too. Nothing can surely be more delightful than to have one's house full of friends at will, and then be able to turn them out at a moment's notice (as a life-boat gets rid of superfluous water) by that simple mechanism of a chamberlain. When the "Social System" attains its acme, all of us will have a chamberlain and be entertained.

In the meantime hostesses suffer a good deal at this season of the year from their inability to give notice to quit, especially to lady visitors. They cannot diminish the attractions of their table, or serve up spurs instead of mutton in the crude fashion of our ancestors when they wished to get rid of people. I have collected data from many private diaries, which disclose how widespread at this season of the year is this domestic calamity. As a rule, it is the uninvited guests whom it is most difficult to get rid of: in their case "expectations" generally forbid it; and these are the worst examples of all, for the better you please such folk the longer they stay, and the more frightful is the sacrifice. If the soil is too kindly, women of this kind will take root in a house, where they have only threatened a flying visit. "Would I were a Royal Highness!" many a charming hostess has whispered to me, with a glance at her great-aunt in her fifth week, and nothing but the fear of being misunderstood (and her husband) has prevented me from responding "Would I were your comptroller!"

Some men can get rid of their guests with comparative facility; but they must have high rank and no manners. I know a noble and hospitable lord who "weeds" his visitors every morning by the summary process of asking the butler at breakfast for "Bradshaw" and reading out the list of those persons he has got weary of. "Your train, Mr. Guy, goes at 11.30, and the carriage will be at the door at eleven o'clock sharp." But this is an heroic remedy such as only a peer of the realm can use. I don't defend it (though I must confess I admire his lordship's way), but it must be allowed that some persons who find life at a great country house agreeable to them do not scruple to overstay their welcome. Just as one who is going away may say to himself, "Among so many guests I shall not be missed," they say to themselves, when they have made up their mind to stop, "Among so many guests I shall not be noticed," but in this they take too humble a view of their own individuality. A gentleman of this kind once stayed the entire autumn at a certain nobleman's country seat: a fellow-guest, astonished at finding him there, and so long, observed, "I did not know you knew Lord H." "I didn't know him, nor his wife either," was the shameless reply; "but I knew they were not on speaking terms, and that each would be sure to think the other had invited me, and it is really a capital house to stay at."

The relations of host and guest, it must be said, are often much more sympathetic than the outsider has any idea of. He cannot conceive what A can possibly see in B to give him so extended a welcome; but friendship, with some people, takes, quite naturally, the strangest forms. A well-known Irish baronet, when walking on his estate, came upon a certain Mr. D, who, I believe, was trespassing on it; nevertheless, he "took to" him, and asked him up to "the house" to lunch, where he remained thirty years. Both the host and D were very silent persons, so that the charms of conversation could not have drawn them together. They never interchanged a remark in public save after dinner, when, as surely as the decanters began to circulate, Mr. D (who always sat at the foot of the table) would ask of his host the name of his wine-merchant, and, on being told, would rejoin: "Then he does not treat you well, Sir."

The latest accounts from Canada show that Scotland has lost its proud position as the headquarters of Sabbatarianism. The reproofs administered to the mineralogist upon the Sabbath, "Ye're breaking something forbye the stanes," and to the travelling artist who asked the name of a ruin, "It's no the day to be speerin' sic things," will soon lose their nationality and become Canadian stories, and may they find another Sam Slick to tell them! Ontario can already give Caledonia several points (if it were permissible to do so) on a Sunday. In North Britain, though it is wicked to skate on the Sabbath, folks are allowed to slide (with the exception, of course, of backsliding), and walking between the services is not limited as regards its speed. But in Ontario fast walking is prohibited, and a "Sabbath-day's journey" (all vehicular traffic being forbidden) must be short indeed. Even "total immersion" (in the form of bathing) is interdicted. Canada is the least literary of the British colonies, and Thomas Hood's "Epistle to Rae Wilson" is probably unknown to it. Would it not be worth while for the Sunday Society, or some other enlightened association, to export the poem, which, if bound in pamphlet form, might be mistaken for a tract, and thereby have a chance of being read? Surely Sir Andrew Agnew, who endeavoured to prevent beer from "working" on a Sunday, must have been a Nova Scotian baronet!

A new addition to the joys of Continental travel has been discovered. When a visitor has expressed any dissatisfaction during his residence at an hotel, or objected to the scale of its charges, his luggage-labels have a secret mark put upon them, whereby other hotel-keepers are warned against him, "This is a bad lot; scrutinises the bill; objects to salt butter," &c. This sort of traveller is informed upon arrival that the house is full. If this practice is found to answer, why should not visitors have their labels affixed to those of the hotels, "Charges exorbitant, sanitary arrangements disgusting," and so on? A reference to a travelling-trunk might thus come in extremely useful. I read that "a secret information system," similar to that of these hotels, but much more excusable, is made use of in other lines of business. Assistants in drapers' shops use the phrase "Two upon ten" (or "Two pounds ten"), meaning two eyes upon ten fingers, when a customer is suspected of larceny; or the shop-walker asks, in a voice that may be generally heard, "Has Mr. Sharp arrived?" to which the gentlemen behind the counter reply, "We are expecting him, Sir." This sort of thing must give a dramatic interest to commercial life, and agreeably diversify its monotony.

A translator of languages has got into trouble for travelling on the railway without paying his fare, amounting to three-halfpence. The magistrate appeared surprised at the smallness of the sum involved considering the culture of the culprit. The gulf that lies between the stipendiary and the translator in the way of remuneration was probably unknown to him. Three-halfpence is a small sum of money, but it goes a good way towards the payment for the rendering of a three-volume novel into an alien tongue. It is a trade that no one who knew how it was remunerated would undertake except for purposes of scientific investigation: it is interesting because it demonstrates the smallest sum on which it is possible for a person "engaged in literature" to keep body and soul together.

I have often sung the praises of the type-writer, but its last act of beneficence has astonished even its most ardent admirers. Two deaf-mutes in Indiana had exchanged vows, presumably on the tips of their fingers, which were nevertheless not formed for caligraphy: they were bad writers, and the clergyman who was to unite them was unacquainted with the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. How, then, were the interrogatories of the marriage service to be duly administered? Happy thought! The type-writer! — a machine that is familiar to every hand in the Great Republic. It was carried to the altar, and manipulated by the silent pair, under ecclesiastical direction, but without a clerical error. As divorce is common in the locality, duplicates were thoughtfully taken for both bride and bridegroom—a delicate and graceful blinking of the fact that not a word of disagreement could ever pass between them.

"In these chattering days, when nobody who really is nobody can stir forth without the volunteer accompaniment of a brass band, and when there is a certificated eye at every keyhole . . . there is healing in the thought that writers like Izaak Walton have been safe for two hundred years in the impregnable stronghold of the grave," writes James Russell Lowell, who by the irony of fate has been compelled to leave the world of letters when it has little but his decease to record. The only chance for a famous man who dislikes publicity is to die when a great war is raging or a general election taking place; and Lowell has passed away from us during "a season of calm weather." Never was a man of letters so epitaphed as he has been. Up to the present time all has been eulogy, but in a week or two we shall doubtless hear that shrill note of detraction which waits for the blare of the trumpets to have died away that it may gladden the ear of envy. It is usual enough to select old stories of departed great ones, and fit them to him who has left us last, and Lowell has not, I notice, escaped the common lot: but what those who really knew him have a right to complain of is the amazingly dull observations that have been put into his mouth, by persons who pretend to have known him, as examples of his wit and humour.

The *Spectator* has been taking the upper classes of England upon its knee and spanking them, in its paternal manner, for not buying books. "They never buy a book" it says (drat them!) "for their own pleasure from one year's end to another." I hope this is not quite true, or authors would be even thinner than they are. I am not myself, perhaps, in a sufficiently high stratum of society to form an opinion upon this matter, but such people as I know are certainly better acquainted with literature than they were ten years ago. It would have taken much longer than for any new planet in the literary firmament to "swim into their ken" than nowadays; and even in the country—whether in the fastnesses of the Border or the wilds of Devon—they take a much more intelligent interest in books than they used to do. As to their only borrowing instead of buying them, it comes to much the same thing in the long run, provided only that they do not steal them. What really lies at the bottom of the *Spectator's* complaint is that it objects to the reading of new books instead of old ones; and, with every wish to sympathise with a most deserving organ, this objection, I confess, fails to strike in my bosom a responsive chord.

The friends of the Grantully Castle and its cook are naturally indignant with Lord Randolph Churchill's remarks upon its *cuisine*; but they surely do protest too much when they say it rivals "the choicest luxuries of a London club." His Lordship may have been fastidious, or, perhaps, sea-sick, but it is ridiculous to contend that what comes out of a small and moving kitchen, and is served in large quantities, is not at a disadvantage as regards flavour. Even on land it is next to impossible to furnish as good a dinner for eighty persons as for eight. *Plats* are very sympathetic, and when cooked together they all taste alike. On board ship there is, it is true, one sauce that is unrivalled—but one does not owe it to the *chef*.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and her children, Princess Leiningen, and the children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and attended by General Sir Henry Ponsonby, Lady Southampton, Dr. Reid, and Major Bigge, left Osborne on Aug. 24 for her autumnal visit to Scotland. The royal party drove to Trinity Pier, East Cowes, and crossed the Solent in the Alberta to the Clarence Yard, Gosport. As her Majesty steamed through the Solent, the French and English fleets dressed, manned yards, and saluted. On landing the Queen was received by the Duke of Connaught and Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam, attended by their personal staffs. The royal train reached Aberdeen at twelve minutes past one on Aug. 25. A large crowd had collected to greet the Queen. Among the civic dignitaries present were Lord Provost Stewart, the city magistrates, the county authorities, and others. Cheers were raised as the train drew up, and these her Majesty recognised by standing at the carriage-window and bowing. The train left at twenty minutes past one amid renewed cheering. Ballater was reached before two, and Balmoral Castle at three o'clock. The Queen is expected to reside at Balmoral until about the middle of November, when the Court returns to Windsor Castle.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Fife and the Princess Victoria of Wales, arrived at Copenhagen on Aug. 22. The royal yacht was boarded by the King of Denmark. Subsequently the distinguished party proceeded to Fredensborg, where they were accorded a hearty reception.

Lieutenant his Royal Highness Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert of Wales, K.G., A.D.C., has been promoted to the rank of Commander in her Majesty's fleet.

An announcement that Princess Maud of Wales "is paying a series of country visits" is described by *Truth* as the purest of fictions. The Princess has gone to take a course of waters and baths at Vichy, where she is staying with Mrs. Edward Johnson, who was formerly governess to the young Princesses. H.R.H. is to remain at Vichy for a month, and then she will go to New Mar Lodge, Aberdeenshire, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who will by that time have returned home from Denmark.

The visit of the French fleet to Portsmouth was rounded off on Aug. 25 with a luncheon on board the flag-ship *Marengo* to several British naval officers, the scene of the banquet being the quarterdeck, which was draped in canvas, plentifully adorned with French and English flags. The principal guests were the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught, and Lord Clanwilliam, and the lunch was preceded by a fine review of troops on Southsea Common. At the *déjeuner* the chief toasts were "The Queen" and "M. Carnot," Admiral Gervais's tribute to her Majesty as a model sovereign, wife, and mother being especially cordial. The idea was to finish the day's entertainments with a ball on the *Marengo*, but the wind freshened to a gale, and the idea had to be abandoned, as on the night of Aug. 25 a storm sprang up, and communication between the vessels and the shore was completely cut off.

On the conclusion of the naval review at Portsmouth the Queen sent the following telegram to President Carnot: "I wish to express to you the great pleasure that I have had in receiving Admiral Gervais and his officers at Osborne, and how much I admire the French squadron which I have just reviewed.—(Signed) VICTORIA." To this despatch President Carnot replied: "I beg your Majesty to accept my sincere thanks for the reception which you have been good enough to accord to Admiral Gervais and his officers, as well as for the sentiments which your Majesty expresses with regard to the French fleet.—(Signed) CARNOT."

Two of the first-class counties have concluded their cricket engagements for the year—namely, Lancashire and Sussex. Lancashire have done extremely well, coming out second on the list, with four points to the good, Surrey being easily first with nine points. Middlesex have twice beaten them, and Surrey and Notts once each; while one of the most remarkable of their victories was a crushing defeat of Yorkshire. Albert Ward heads the list of regular batsmen with an average of 29.47, though Mr. Maclareen reaches an average of 44.20 for seven innings. Brigg and Mold have both bowled with great success, the first bowler's average per wicket being 12.37. The head of the Sussex batsmen is Bean, who has developed into a great cricketer and whose average is 33.60, the veteran Humphreys coming next with an average of 19.58 for twenty-three innings.

The funeral of the late Postmaster-General took place on Aug. 27, at Mold. Mr. Henry Raikes, his son, received a special telegram from the Queen expressing her regret at the news of his father's death, and conveying her "heartfelt sympathy" to Mrs. Raikes and family.—The funeral of the Duke of Cleveland took place on Aug. 28, from Raby Castle, where the widowed Duchess and the family gathered for the ceremony.

Mr. Justice Hawkins has been the victim of serious and dangerous illness, accompanied with great prostration and inability to take nourishment. He has lately rallied somewhat, though his case still excites anxiety. There have been hosts of inquirers, including the Prince of Wales and Cardinal Manning.

Most of the sections of the British Association joined in excursions on Aug. 22. The Economic Science Section at their meeting discussed an important and interesting paper by Mr. Sidney Webb, on "Alleged Differences in the Wages Paid to Men and to Women for Similar Work." In another section Sir Frederick Bramwell spoke on the patent laws, condemning the present system of specification.

King Humbert will, according to an Italian journal, visit England next spring.

Prince Henry of Battenberg attended the choral competition in connection with the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Swansea on Aug. 19, and before leaving expressed the satisfaction which it had given him to see such a vast assembly and to listen to the beautiful melodies of the Principality.

Mr. Parnell has not been abashed by the loss of influence and following which has resulted from the hostile declarations of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, and by the imminent prospect of the withdrawal of all the newspaper influence which has hitherto been at his command in Ireland. He has formulated a totally new programme of Home Rule and democratic change, which includes an Irish Parliament independent in all but the name, and united to this country solely by the link of the Crown, local authorities endowed with the fullest powers of taxation and administration, and able to dispose of the land for the benefit and in the interests of the peasants and labourers desiring allotments. An eight-hours day for State and dangerous employments, and generally a labourer's programme of an advanced character, and drawn up with no little skill, complete Mr. Parnell's new bid for extreme democratic support.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FRENCH SQUADRON AT PORTSMOUTH.

The space at our disposal this week admits but of a concise account of the interesting proceedings at Portsmouth at the reception of the French squadron, commanded by Admiral Gervais, with the courtesies and hospitalities that were cordially shown to the gallant naval officers of a friendly nation, during several days, by her Majesty the Queen at Osborne House, by the Earl of Clanwilliam, Naval Commander-in-Chief or "Port Admiral" at Portsmouth, by the other officers in naval and military command, and by the Mayor and Corporation of the town.

The French "Northern Squadron of Ironclads," which arrived at Spithead on Wednesday, Aug. 19, between four and five in the afternoon, consisted of the Marengo, the flag-ship of Admiral Gervais, a composite (wood and iron) vessel of 7748 tons displacement, with a central redoubt and four barbettes above, carrying guns of 23 tons weight and 10.8 inch calibre; the Requin, an armoured coast-defence ship or battleship, built of iron and steel, with plates 12 in. to 20 in. thick, carrying two 75-ton guns of 16.5 in. calibre, on barbettes; the Mareeau, a powerful ship of iron and steel, 10,580 tons, with engines of 12,000-horse power, with armour 14 in. to 18 in. thick, and with four barbette guns of 52 tons weight and 13.39 in. calibre; the Furieux, which is similar to the Requin, but rather smaller, with two 47-ton guns of 13.39 in. calibre; the Surcouf, a deck-protected cruiser, of 1848 tons displacement, with high speed; and the torpedo-vessel Lance. This squadron was met at Portsmouth by the old wooden despatch-vessel Bougainville, under Captain de Courthille, from the Naval School at Brest, bringing seventy-five naval cadets, and by the despatch-vessel Elan, Lieutenant Forestier, to serve as a yacht for M. Waddington, the French Ambassador.

The approach of the French squadron was signalled, from off the east shore of the Isle of Wight, by the Seagull torpedo-gunboat, to the British Channel Fleet lying at Spithead; pilots were put on board by the Seagull, and the French ships came in, saluting both the flag of Admiral Lord Clanwilliam, on board H.M.S. Duke of Wellington, and that of Sir M. Culme-Seymour, whose flag-ship was H.M.S. Camperdown; these ships, with the garrison battery at Portsmouth, returned the salute, and the crews heartily cheered.

On Thursday morning the first interchange of official and personal courtesies took place by Admiral Lord Clanwilliam, with Admiral Fisher, Dockyard Superintendent, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Geoffrey Hornby, Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, Admiral Sir M. Culme-Seymour, and Rear-Admiral Loftus Jones, going out in the Fire Queen, the Port Admiral's yacht, to visit Admiral Gervais on board the Marengo, while the Duke of Connaught, in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, paid his visit at the same time. The meeting was ceremonious, but expressive of cordial esteem; it was followed by the French Admiral and captains, going ashore to visit the Queen at Osborne House. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord George Hainington, and M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, assisted at this reception. The Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, and Prince George of Wales were with her Majesty, to whom all the French officers were presented. Admiral Gervais and the senior officers dined with the Queen.

The inspection of the combined fleets by the Queen, on Friday afternoon, was a grand spectacle. Her Majesty, on board the Victoria and Albert, followed by the royal yachts Alberta, Elfin, and Osborne, the Elan, with the French Ambassador, the Admiralty yacht Enchantress, the Wye, and the Fire Queen, passed between the lines of war-ships, and returned along the southern lines; the Queen's yacht then anchored between the Marengo and the Camperdown. Her Majesty invited Admiral Gervais and his captains on

Connanagh's guests, after dinner, were amused with a grand military "tattoo" performed by soldiers on the parade. There was a review of troops on Tuesday by the Duke of Cambridge on Southsea Common, and a party of British naval officers dined on board the Mareeau. The French squadron next day departed for Cherbourg.

M. WADDINGTON.

M. William Henry Waddington, the French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, was born at Paris in 1826. His father was the son of a London merchant, a native of Nottinghamshire, who settled in France in 1815, and his

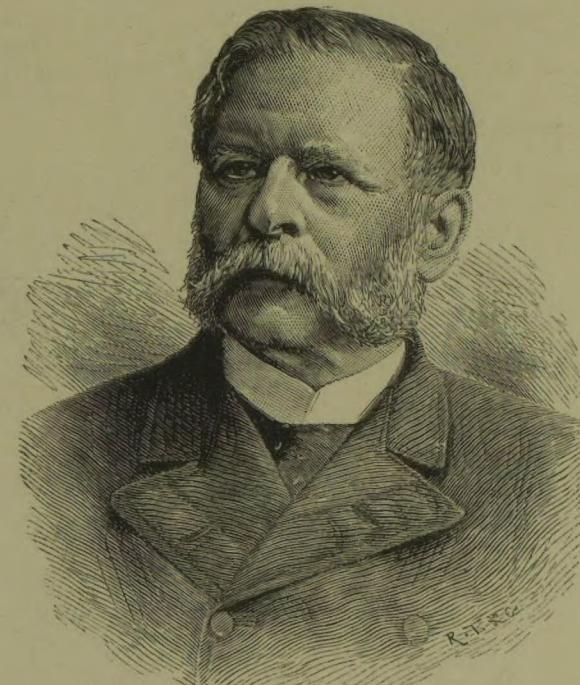
and different classes of people in bygone times. The memorable incidents of history thus dramatised were those of many successive ages, from the last decade of the twelfth century to the middle of the nineteenth century; including the act of Duke Berthold of Zähringen, by which Berne was founded and endowed with its charter of liberties; the confirmation of that charter by Albert of Hapsburg, in 1274; the battles of Schlosshalden and Laupen; the adherence of Berne to the Swiss Confederation, in 1353; the visit of the Emperor-King Sigismund in 1414; the war with the Dukes of Burgundy, from 1471 to 1479, with the victory of Morat; the prosperity of Berne in the sixteenth century; the maintenance of its neutrality in the Thirty Years' War; and its struggle against the French Republican invasion in 1798, with the recovery of Swiss independence after Napoleon's downfall. The scenery was an imitation of the interior court of an immense castle. The speeches and dialogues, in verse, composed by the Rev. H. Weber, were effectively recited by the leading actors, and the choruses and other vocal music were rendered by five hundred voices, with a very powerful orchestra.

A TOWN FIRE BRIGADE IN SIBERIA.

Our Special Artist in Siberia, Mr. Julius M. Price, has overlooked no feature of the really surprising progress that Russian official and municipal authorities have achieved in all the external arrangements of modern civilisation in the principal towns of that remote and immense territory of Northern Asia. His letters from Krasnoiarsk and Irkutsk, already published, have particularly described the public institutions of those cities, which appear to be as completely organised and effectively managed as those of most of the great towns in Europe. The fire-brigades, most useful where many of the common dwelling-houses are built of timber, especially gained his notice, and we lately presented a Sketch of one of the watch-towers erected for the sentinel who, by day and by night, keeps a look-out over the roofs all over the city, ready to give the alarm by ringing a bell. At Irkutsk there is a steam fire-engine, constructed by Messrs. Shand and Mason, of London, with special wheels adapted to Siberian roads in summer and winter. Powerful "manuals" or hand-engines are in use also there and in other towns of Siberia; these, in winter, are supplied with a stove and a hot-air chamber, through which the water is pumped, to keep it from freezing. The street scene represented in our Artist's Sketch this week occurred at the small town of Troitzkarsk.

FRENCH VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH IN 1844.

Very few persons now living can remember a time when England and France were at war with each other; but those among us who are somewhat elderly have seen the neighbouring country a kingdom, an empire, and a republic, under each successive form of government usually preserving amicable relations with our own, during the reign of Queen Victoria, who has always desired peace. Her Majesty has readily exchanged mutual courtesies and hospitalities with every French head of the State; with King Louis Philippe, before the Revolution of 1848, which brought him to England as a permanent resident; with the Emperor Napoleon III., who likewise came to end his days among us; and if a President of the French Republic could visit this country, he would be received with a cordial welcome. The interesting demonstration of national goodwill upon the recent occasion at Portsmouth recalls to memory, after nearly forty-seven years, an event which indeed could not have been forgotten by any of the townsfolk old enough to have witnessed it in 1844, and of which we find, in the *Illustrated London News* of that date, abundant pictorial and descriptive memorials. We refer to the arrival of the "King of the French," with his Royal Highness



M. WADDINGTON,

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.

mother, Madame Waddington, née Chisholm, was a Scotch lady. She died a few weeks ago, at the ripe old age of ninety-one. Madame Waddington, who was a very distinguished woman, exercised a great influence on the education of her son, who, when boy, was sent to Rugby and then to Trinity College, Cambridge, where in due course he took his degree. In 1849, as an undergraduate, M. Waddington rowed in the Cambridge boat in the University boat-race, and it is no doubt to his English education that his love of sport is to be attributed. Even now M. Waddington is very fond of riding, and may be seen every morning in Hyde Park taking an early canter before settling down to the day's work.

Before taking an active part in politics, M. Waddington, who is a great authority on numismatics and epigraphy, had travelled in Asia Minor, Greece, and Syria, and made his mark as a writer on these subjects, and in 1865 he was elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. In the same year M. Waddington thought of entering the Corps Législatif, but was unsuccessful at a bye-election in the Department de l'Aisne, and it was not until after the war (in 1871) that he was returned to the National Assembly by over 69,000 votes.

From this moment M. Waddington's political career was as brilliant as his scientific one. Two years later he was Minister of Public Instruction in the Cabinet of M. Thiers, and in 1876 he was elected a member of the Senate. A few weeks after his election, M. Dufaure became Premier, and, for the second time, M. Waddington was intrusted with the portfolio of Public Instruction, when he introduced most useful reforms in the French educational system, such as gratuitous primary education, the establishment of a better secondary education, and the improvement of the condition of teachers. In 1877 M. Waddington became Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the following year he was sent to the Berlin Congress as First French Plenipotentiary. On his return he succeeded M. Dufaure as Prime Minister, but, a few months later, had to make way for M. de Freycinet. M. Waddington remained an active member of the Senate, taking part in all important discussions, until 1883, when he was sent to Moscow as Ambassador Extraordinary for the coronation of the Czar. A month later he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, a post he has occupied ever since.

M. Waddington is of medium height, with grey hair and whiskers, and blue eyes and a fresh complexion. His manner is dignified, if a little cold when addressing strangers; but he is a fast and true friend and warm-hearted, and can on occasions enjoy a good joke as well as a good cigar, for he is an inveterate smoker. His diplomatic colleagues have the greatest esteem for him, and his own personnel are devoted to their chief, who gives the example of constant attention to the conduct of the affairs of the Embassy. For, of all the Ambassadors in London, M. Waddington is the only one who absents himself but once a year, in September, when he enjoys a few weeks' shooting in the Aisne.

Owing to his English education, M. Waddington speaks and writes English like a native, and is one of the few living Frenchmen who can make a speech or write an essay in both languages with equal facility.

As French Ambassador in this country, M. Waddington has done yeoman service in maintaining on a cordial footing the relations between France and England; and if the bonds of friendship which unite the two nations are to be tightened by the visit of the French squadron to Portsmouth, there is no French statesman more able than M. Waddington to succeed in a task which to him is a labour of love.

BERNE SEVEN-HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY

Several Illustrations of the grand patriotic festival at Berne, in Switzerland, held on Aug. 15 and 16 principally, and continued on Monday, the 17th, to commemorate the seven-hundredth anniversary of the founding of that city in 1191, appeared in our last publication. The Bernese claim for their civic commonwealth an historical antiquity exceeding, by just one century, that of the earliest League of three Swiss Cantons, those of Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden. As we have stated, the proceedings at this festival comprised a solemn display of stage pageantry, in an open-air theatre, where the "Festspiel," as it was called, was performed by nine hundred persons, including the crowd of "supernumeraries" who represented soldiers, attendants, peasants, citizens of various orders,

ADMIRAL THE EARL OF CLANWILLIAM, K.C.B.,
NAVAL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT PORTSMOUTH.ADMIRAL GERVAIS,
COMMANDING THE FRENCH SQUADRON AT PORTSMOUTH.

Sketched from Life by Our Special Artist.

board the Victoria and Albert, and spoke to them with the most friendly courtesy. They soon afterwards landed at Portsmouth, and were entertained by the Earl of Clanwilliam with a grand dinner in a large marquee at the rear of Admiralty House. At ten o'clock, a ball in honour of the French officers was given at the Townhall by Lord and Lady Clanwilliam.

The Mayor of Portsmouth, Sir William Pink, on Saturday evening entertained Admiral Gervais, the French Ambassador, and nearly a hundred French officers, with an equal number of British naval officers, and about fifty officers of the Army, at a grand banquet in the Townhall. The events of Monday were the visit of Admiral Gervais and many of his officers to Portsmouth Dockyard, the torpedo training ships, and the School of Gunnery, with luncheon at Whale Island; the dinner given to them by the Duke of Connaught, at Government House; and the dinner given by the Mayor to several hundred French seamen of the squadron. The Duke of

the Duc de Montpensier, with M. Guizot, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Admiral Baron Mackau, Minister of Marine and the Colonies, and the royal suite, escorted by a squadron of French ships of war. The squadron, under command of Admiral Baron La Susse, consisted of six vessels; his Majesty was on board the frigate Gomer, a new paddle-wheel steamer, armed with twenty-four guns, which was greatly admired. They crossed the Channel from Tréport, near the Château d'Eau, where the King had entertained Queen Victoria the year before, and reached Portsmouth on Tuesday morning, Oct. 8, saluted by the guns of the Port-Admiral's flag-ship, H.M.S. Queen, at Spithead, and by those of the batteries on shore. At the Victoria Pier, at the lower end of High Street, the Gomer lay alongside while the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth went on board to present an address to the King. The Gomer then proceeded up the harbour to the dockyard, and there awaited the arrival, from London, of Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington, who accompanied the King to Windsor. On his Majesty's departure, after staying a week, the Queen came to Portsmouth and inspected the French ships.



H.M.S. CAMPERDOWN.
Admiral Sir M. Culme-Seymour's Flag-ship.

H.M.S. HOWE.

SURCOUF.

MARENGO.
French Admiral's Flag-ship.

REQUIN.

MARCEAU.

ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH SQUADRON UNDER ADMIRAL GERVAIS AT SPITHEAD.



THE FRENCH NAVAL VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH: THE COMBINED SQUADRONS FIRING THE ROYAL SALUTE.



ARRIVAL OF KING LOUIS PHILIPPE AND A FRENCH SQUADRON AT PORTSMOUTH IN 1844.

From the "Illustrated London News," Oct. 12, 1844.

PERSONAL.

The death of the Duke of Cleveland, at the extreme age of eighty-eight, removes a peer of historic lineage and of considerable personal worth. The Duke was descended from the great Sir Harry Vane, whom Cromwell found a formidable rival in all the higher gifts of statesmanship, and who was one of the finest specimens of the Puritan gentleman and statesman. The family was not especially noteworthy till 1827, when the Earl of Darlington, the then head of the house, was created a marquis for his services to the Whig Party, the marquisate being exchanged for a dukedom at Lord Grey's recommendation a few years later. The Duke's services were of a substantial character,



THE LATE DUKE OF CLEVELAND.

for he presented Lord Grey with six seats for three boroughs, which he bought up at immense cost, amounting, it is said, to a quarter of a million, in order to enable the author of the Reform Bill of 1832 to abolish the pocket-borough system altogether. The fortunes of the Vanes, or, as they were called after the first Duke's marriage with the co-heiress of the last Duke of Bolton, the Powletts, had been steadily consolidated during the whole period of 300 years which marked the history of the house, until the late Duke was estimated to possess a purely agricultural rent-roll of nearly £100,000 a year, drawn from over 100,000 acres of land in eleven counties, exclusive of the mineral wealth, which was very large.

The late Duke was a man of ability and culture, and of retired habits. He was a Unionist in politics, but his name very rarely appeared before the public, though in society his reserved talent was better known. He married Lady Dalmeny after the death of her husband; and Lord Rosebery, to whom he was much attached, thus became his stepson. The Duke's vast wealth was absolutely at his own disposal, for he had no children or brothers, and the title expires with him. It is a common error, by the way, to suppose that the family of the Clevelands has any direct connection with the disgraceful story of Barbara Villiers, Lady Castlemaine, whom Charles II. created Duchess of Cleveland. There was a subsequent connection with the Villiers stock on account of a marriage with one of her descendants, but in their origin the two families were entirely apart, and the Cleveland duchy is simply a late revival.

The rumour that another of England's historic homes is shortly to change hands, and that the Marquis of Exeter is about to part with Burghley House, has been formally contradicted. Burghley House, made world-famous by Tennyson's poem "The Lord of Burleigh," is a huge building, containing nearly a hundred and fifty rooms. It was built by the celebrated John Thorpe, the architect of Holland House, at the end of the sixteenth century, and is a specimen of that rather mixed style of architecture which Horace Walpole describes as the "bastard between Gothic and Grecian." It was to this old-world house that the tenth Earl of Exeter (afterwards the first Marquis), the then "Lord of Burleigh," brought his new wife, "the village maiden," Sarah Hoggins, the daughter of a small farmer at Bolas, Shropshire (where my lord had masqueraded as a painter under the name of Jones) in the autumn of 1791.

Mr. Francis Dymoke, J.P., whose recent decision in a vagrancy case at Horncastle (since set aside by the Home Secretary) has gained for him some notoriety in the London and provincial journals, is the Hereditary Champion of England, the representative of one of the oldest families in the kingdom, and the owner of Scrivelsby Court, near Horncastle. He succeeded a distant kinsman in 1884, after an interval of some years, during which he spared neither trouble nor expense in establishing his title. Scrivelsby Court, where the Dymokes have resided from the time that Sir John, the first Champion of the name, performed his functions at the Coronation of Richard II., is an interesting, though by no means an imposing mansion, and the armoury is filled with ancient weapons representing almost every period since the Norman Conquest. The last time the championship ceremonial was performed was at the Coronation of George IV., when, the Champion being in holy orders, his duties were assumed by his son, afterwards Sir Henry Dymoke.

It will be remembered that Dr. Geffcken was prosecuted by Prince Bismarck when the ex-Chancellor was in power for the publication of the Emperor Frederick's diary. The prosecution was quashed by the Supreme Court of Leipsic, much to the Chancellor's disgust. It is now reported that Prince Bismarck is writing his memoirs and has invited Dr. Geffcken to assist him. This, if true, is a proof that Bismarck can forget old quarrels, but Dr. Geffcken may prefer to appreciate this magnanimity at a distance.

A promising young officer of the Burmese Police, Mr. Charles Hodgson Wetherell, Assistant Superintendent, was shot dead, near Haka, by some Thetta Chins lurking behind the trees. He had, after three years' police service, been appointed to reside there as assistant political officer, and was much esteemed. At the request of some who knew Mr. Wetherell in Burmah, we give his portrait, from a photograph by P. Klies, of Rangoon.



THE LATE MR. C. H. WETHERELL.

Professor Brentano of Leipsic, the great authority on guilds. He has already a large acquaintance with English trade unionism, having sketched its history, and that of later social and economic progress generally, in a standard book, which throws much useful light on the early developments of Chartism. The school to which he and Professor Brentano belong is deeply convinced of the peaceful character of the proletarian movement here. The chief immediate aim

of the party is to obtain—first, freedom of combination for the German workers, and secondly, an international labour code, equalising factory regulations all over Europe, and embodied in definite law fixed in conference of the great industrial Powers. Dr. von Schulze Gevaernitz speaks English perfectly. Other German visitors to the congress will be a deputation of German employers, who will study the working-men's movement here in its recent developments, and report on it to the associations of employers at home.

Mrs. French Sheldon has related to the British Association the adventures in Africa which nearly cost her life. Mrs. Sheldon organised and led an expedition to Lake Chala. It was scarcely an exploring expedition, for the route is not unknown. What Mrs. Sheldon wanted was "to study the native habits and customs free from the influences of civilisation and in their primitive conditions." It does not appear that she learnt anything new except that the natives respected a white woman who maintained discipline in her caravan by means of "a raw hide whip." No little courage was needed for an enterprise of this kind, and Mrs. Sheldon deserves credit for her pluck, and sympathy for the unfortunate accident which was nearly fatal. But it is hard to see what is the practical utility of such an expedition, or why it should have been undertaken by a woman.

The death of Oko Jumbo raises an interesting problem of heredity. Oko Jumbo was a famous warrior in his prime, and his little wars with the late King Ja Ja kept Bonny in a sanguinary ferment for years. During that period, he was tolerably "free from the influence of civilisation," but latterly he had a fancy for travel. He came to England to consult an oculist, and he sent several of his sons here to be educated. One of them is expected to succeed to his father's dignities, and it will be interesting to see whether hereditary associations or the influence of an English education will get the upper hand. Mr. Grant Allen once wrote a story of an African convert who relapsed under painful circumstances. Perhaps Oko Jumbo's heir will relapse into the "primitive conditions" of Bonny.

Admiral Gervais made the strongest impression on his hosts for his extreme tact, his fine manners, and particularly on account of the brilliant and highly diplomatic little speech which he delivered in Portsmouth Townhall. The interview between the Queen and himself at Osborne was of a very cordial character. Her Majesty had a long and pleasant conversation with him, both parties speaking French, and she ended by insisting on his inscribing his name in her special birthday book. The Queen has two books of this character—one for the more ordinary class of visitors, and the other reserved for great European personalities and her own close friends. It was in this latter book that Admiral Gervais inscribed his name.

If a tithe of what is said of him be true, President Balmaceda is one of the monsters of history. Experience has taught us to be sceptical of stories about South American politicians, but it is curious that President Balmaceda has had extremely little to say for himself since the conflict in Chile began, and that he has done his utmost to prevent any news from reaching the outer world. Even the origin of the struggle is somewhat obscure, and we know little more than that, after a long dispute with the Opposition in the Chilian Congress on constitutional questions, President Balmaceda proclaimed himself Dictator of the Republic. The Congressional party took

up arms and, after much inconclusive fighting, of which we have had scanty details, there seems to be some probability that the battles near Valparaiso will end the war, though the result is still uncertain. Whatever happens, it is clear that Balmaceda has faced the issue with unflinching determination from the outset. According to his enemies, he has carried on a reign of terror and whether the atrocious deeds imputed to him are real or fanciful, he has certainly striven to destroy Parliamentary government in Chile by an abuse of his prerogative. The President of the Chilian Republic, like the President of the American Republic, has a personal authority which some monarchs might envy.

Mr. and Mrs. Gallenga, of The Falls, Llandogo, Chepstow, have sustained a very severe bereavement in the death of their only daughter, who died from the effects of a carriage accident. A short time ago Miss Gallenga was driving into Chepstow, when her horse took fright at a passing train and tore madly down a steep hill. Miss Gallenga and the groom, to save themselves from being dashed against a heavy stone wall, jumped from the carriage, which, a moment afterwards, was shivered into a hundred pieces. The groom escaped unhurt, save for a few bruises, but some of the ironwork of the carriage fell on Miss Gallenga, breaking her leg in two places. She never recovered from the injuries she had received, and also the shock to her system, and died on Aug. 7, at midnight. Her untimely death (she was only twenty-eight) is deeply mourned not only by her heartbroken parents, and a wide circle of friends, but in her own parish, where she did much good ministering to the wants of the poor and needy in a gentle, unobtrusive way. She was carried to the grave by some of the tenants and the labourers on her parents' estate, and laid to rest in the peaceful little churchyard of Llandogo, on the banks of the Wye.

Miss Gallenga was the daughter of the famous Antonio Gallenga, author and journalist, who for twenty years was special correspondent of the *Times*. Of late years he has retired from public life, to spend the evening of his days at his country house on the borders of Wales. Miss Gallenga was a Girton girl, and gained honours there. Like her celebrated father, she was a brilliant conversationalist and linguist, and also inherited in no mean degree his literary talents. During the last two or three years several stories have appeared from her pen in various magazines, and of late the *Queen* newspaper has been indebted to her for some sparkling essays descriptive of Monmouthshire scenery and boating expeditions on the far-famed river Wye.

Baroness Macdonald of Earnscliffe has written in an American periodical a charming account of a trip she made to the Pacific coast before the sad event which robbed her of a husband and Canada of a Premier. In the course of the article she playfully gives us an insight into the busy life her late husband led. When the idea of a holiday first came to her,

she consulted the "Chief," but the Chief recalled the memory of his grandmother, who never needed more change and rest than the home provided. Lady Macdonald, as she then was, held routine in abhorrence, and she protested, and, that failing, pleaded, with this happy result: "The Chief, bending over Lord —'s last despatch, laid one hand on a heap of flattering public addresses and the other on an Opposition newspaper's last and most violent attack—for on his writing-table lay always a large and varied assortment of interesting literature. 'You may go if you like,' said he, with gentle resignation, born of fifty years of Parliamentary practice; and as I began to develop into gratitude he took up a new article on the McKinley Bill, and, with decision, ordered me out of the room."

Mr. Howard Vincent, M.P., gives a glowing account of the reception in Canada of his ideas of imperial fiscal unity, but the journals of the Dominion do not quite bear out his view. The hon. sec. of the United Empire Trade League has, it is true, held several meetings, where the easily roused enthusiasm of the English and Scotch Canadians was stirred by appeals to their loyalty to the British throne and British institutions; but there has been little attempt to grapple with the enormous difficulties of closer tariff relations between the various members of the empire. The general feeling of Canadians is probably voiced with the nearest approach to accuracy in the Ministerial organ, the *Montreal Gazette*, when it says: "Without examining further into the grave and momentous questions involved in the political project of an Imperial Federation, it is sufficient to say that, in our judgment, the scheme cannot for a long time to come be classed in the category of practical issues."

OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND, K.G.

The Most Noble Harry George Powlett, Duke and Marquis of Cleveland, Earl of Darlington, Viscount and Baron Barnard of Barnard Castle, and Baron Raby of Raby Castle, in the bishopric of Durham, K.G., D.C.L., died on Aug. 22. He was born April 19, 1803, the third and youngest son of William Henry, third Earl of Darlington, K.G. (who was elevated to the dukedom in 1833), by Lady Katherine Margaret Powlett, his wife, second daughter and co-heiress of Harry, sixth and last Duke of Bolton. His Grace, who had been M.P. for South Durham and for Hastings, succeeded his brother as fourth Duke of Cleveland Sept. 6, 1864. He married, in 1854, Catherine Lucy Wilhelmina, Lady Dalmeny, only daughter of Philip Henry, fourth Earl Stanhope. In 1864 he obtained a royal license granting to him and his issue leave to take the surname of Powlett only (instead of the patronymic Vane) and to bear the entire coat of arms of the family of Powlett. The family of Vane is of ancient Welsh extraction, and derives an unbroken male descent from Howell Ap Vane, living in Monmouthshire antecedently to the time of the Conquest. By the death of the Duke of Cleveland his dukedom and marquisate, as well as the Earldom of Darlington, the Viscountcy of Barnard, and the Barony of Raby, became extinct; but the Barony of Barnard of Barnard Castle, created in 1699, devolves on the Duke's cousin, Henry de Vere Vane, now ninth Lord, born May 10, 1854, who married, June 28, 1881, Lady Catherine Sarah Cecil, daughter of William Alleyne, Marquis of Exeter, and has issue.

SIR GEORGE DUCKWORTH-KING, BART.

Sir George St. Vincent Duckworth-King, Bart., K.C.B., of Bellevue, Kent, who died at Exeter on Aug. 18, was born in 1809, the second son of Sir Richard King, third baronet, G.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the Red, by Sarah Anne, his wife, only daughter of Admiral Sir John Thomas Duckworth, Bart., G.C.B. He was educated at the Royal Naval College, and, entering the Navy in 1864, became admiral 1875. He served before Algiers in 1824, and in 1854 at the defence of Eupatoria, at the blockade of Sebastopol, and as second in command of Naval Brigade (Crimean medal and clasp, Turkish medal, Legion of Honour, and third class of the Medjidieh). He was Aide-de-camp to the Queen, and was Commander-in-Chief on the East India and China station from 1864 to 1867. In 1847 he married Lady Caroline Mary Dawson Damer, sister of the third Earl of Portarlington, K.P., and assumed, by royal license, Feb. 13, 1888, the prefix surname and arms of Duckworth. His eldest son, Dudley Gordon Alan, now succeeds to the title as fifth baronet. Sir Dudley was born in 1851, and married, in 1890, Eva Mary, only daughter of Major-General Ralph Gore.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CECIL RAIKES.

The Right Hon. Henry Cecil Raikes, M.P., Postmaster-General, died suddenly at his residence in Flintshire on Aug. 24. He was born in 1833, the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Raikes of Llwynegrin, in the county of Flint, by Lucy Charlotte, his wife, youngest daughter of the Ven. Francis Wrangham. Having been educated at Shrewsbury School and at Trinity College, Cambridge (B.A. 1860, M.A. 1863), he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1863, and was elected a Bencher in 1880. He sat as M.P. for Chester from 1868 to 1880, and for Preston from February to November 1882, and represented Cambridge University since the latter date.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN INGLIS.

The Right Hon. John Inglis, D.C.L., LL.D., P.C., of Glencorse, died on Aug. 20, at Loganbank, Midlothian. He was born in 1810, the son of the Rev. Dr. Inglis, minister of the Old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, and was educated at Glasgow University and at Balliol College, Oxford (B.A. 1834, M.A. 1837). Having been called to the Scottish Bar in 1835, he was appointed Solicitor-General for Scotland in Lord Derby's first Administration in 1852, and was subsequently raised to the Bench as Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland.

The portrait of M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, is from a photograph by Mr. Walery, 164, Regent Street; that of Admiral Lord Clanwilliam from one by Mr. Arthur Debenham, Southsea; that of the late Duke of Cleveland by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street; that of the late Right Hon. Cecil Raikes, M.P., Postmaster-General, by Messrs. T. Russell and Sons, Baker Street. We are indebted to Mr. C. Knight, photographer, of Newport, Isle of Wight, for an illustration of the combined French and English squadrons firing a royal salute; and to Messrs. Symonds and Co., of Portsmouth, for a photograph of the royal yacht Alberta.

THE CRICKET OF 1891.

The close of the season engagements of Sussex and Lancashire marks the fact that we are approaching the end of the cricket of 1891. It has been a quiet, homely, domestic season, unilluminated by Antipodean flashes, and mainly confined to a vigorous set-to between the first class counties.

Into this sacred college of cricket Somersetshire has now been admitted, and has very decisively vindicated her right by inflicting a crushing defeat on the champion county, whose only other disaster this year—barring the defeats by Cambridge University and Derbyshire, which do not count—has been sustained at the hands of their old enemy, Middlesex. Setting aside these checks, however, Surrey's position is undisputed and indisputable. She has scored more than double the points accorded to any other county, and her all-round display of cricketing form, at the wicket, with the ball, and in the field, has, perhaps, no precedent in the history of English cricket. She has contrived to combine a reserve of old cricketing experience, which has been so invaluable to Notts, with an infusion of young blood, which has made her play at once picturesque and resourceful. She has an extremely able and plucky captain in Mr. Shuter; and though some trifling proportion of her earlier good fortune must be set down to her luck in winning the toss, she has, on the whole, thoroughly deserved her success. Her policy in attracting young cricketers from neighbouring counties has been the subject of severe criticism from quarters not entirely free from suspicion. But here again she has only adopted with more thoroughness and success the tactics which other first-class counties have pursued. After Surrey, the honours of second place may, perhaps, be fairly divided between Lancashire and Middlesex. The Lancashire of to-day possesses three bowlers, Mold, Briggs, and Watson, as destructive as any in England; and the batting of men like Sugg, Ward, and MacLaren has given her a new career in county cricketing. Middlesex owes her partial success to the later brilliancy of Mr. Stoddart, the consistently good form shown by Mr. T. C. O'Brien, and the rise of a very young but remarkably brilliant bowler in the person of J. T. Hearne, a worthy scion of a great cricketing family.

Notts does not stand where she did. Her cricketing resources are not what they were, depending as they do mainly on Shrewsbury and Gunn and Attewell's bowling. The last performer is by no means so deadly as he used to be, and Shrewsbury only came back to form late in the season, when his capacity for scoring off any sort of bowling returned to him to the full. Gunn has played well throughout the season, and the veteran Barnes has had a renaissance of his earlier prowess as a batsman; but otherwise the Notts record has been far from brilliant. Sussex has improved greatly on her pitiable record of last season, and to-day she possesses in Bean a batsman of extraordinary vigour, while Messrs. Newham, Brann, and Marlow all belong to the best and most finished school of cricketers. Her weak point is bowling, and, till she remedies this, she cannot hope to rank with the most powerful of her rivals. Kent has done fairly, though not brilliantly, her want being reliable batsmen. In Martin she has a treasure of a bowler, but he hardly wants backing. Gloucestershire has suffered from the most serious falling-off in "W. G.'s" powers since the champion's star first shone on the cricketing world; but his failure as a batsman has in some measure been compensated by his success as a bowler. Yorkshire's season has not been a brilliant one. She has changed her men with alarming frequency, and her play has wanted steadiness and resource. As between the two Universities, Cambridge has touched, perhaps, the zenith of her fame. Next season, however, she loses Woods, McGregor, and Douglas; while at Oxford a host of young cricketing geniuses, including the two Palaires, are springing into fame, and next season we may see a reversal of the fortune of war. Finally, the August rains have been fatal to not a few matches, and have given the bowlers a cruel advantage in others. The result has been that only two English cricketers—Abel and Gunn—have put over a thousand runs to their credit.

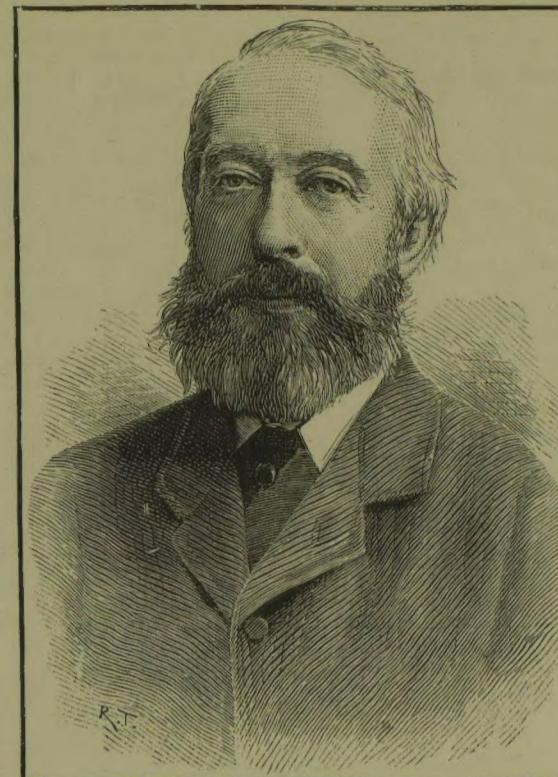
Looking more closely at individual performances, we find it impossible to deny the palm for all-round brilliancy to George Lohmann, the young Surrey professional, who this year, as last, scores triple honours as the finest "slip," the most successful bowler, and one of the half-dozen most powerful batsmen in England. His play has over and over again won Surrey a game which was dubious till his strong, nervous fingers restored the balance in her favour. He is the most picturesque and ardent of cricketers, and with a little—a very little—more patience as a batsman, he might be set down as the surest performer in England. Among the batsmen pure and simple, little Robert Abel deserves the first place which Shrewsbury has just wrested from him. For patience and finish he has no rival, though Gunn is the more commanding, and Shrewsbury, at his best, the more certain and resourceful, performer. Among the "sloggers" Bean has stepped into first place, and to-day he probably makes runs quicker than any man in England. Mr. Stoddart's delightful grace has been finely displayed this season, and his innings of 215 not out is by far its most brilliant batting feature. Among the younger race of cricketers, Hearne, of Middlesex, gives the brightest promise as a bowler, and Mr. Woods has made himself notable for a certain lethal power which, in one or two matches, carried all before it. It is to him more than to any other cricketer that Surrey's double defeat at the hands of Somerset and Cambridge University is due.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. CECIL RAIKES.

Mr. Raikes, Lord Salisbury's Postmaster-General, died on Aug. 24 from inflammation of the brain, brought on by over-work. Mr. Raikes was a very devoted and active public servant, who had done constant service to his party and to the Church of England, of which he was a devoted adherent, for at least half of his not very long life of fifty-three years. Mr. Raikes's face and figure were among the most familiar sights in the House of Commons, in which he was one of the tallest men. There was a certain air of melancholy abstraction in his appearance, and his speech, though always forcible and at moments even bitterly and pungently epigrammatic, was, as a rule, remarkable for its slow, drawling, monotonous note. As Postmaster-General, Mr. Raikes left his mark on the service, his chief work being the reduction of the rates of Colonial postage to twopence-halfpenny. He grappled successfully, though a thought too vigorously, with the postmen's strike and with the difficulty which arose out of the Boy Messenger Companies, and had the reputation of a straight, stern, efficient head. He had the same character in the House of Commons, where he will be remembered as a strong Chairman of Ways and Means, whose rulings were, however, not always acceptable to his opponents. His appointment came from Lord Beaconsfield; but he was perhaps too strong and well-known a party man, too vigorous a personality, to be offered, or to care to accept, the Speakership.

Mr. Raikes's career has always been fairly distinguished. He was a Shrewsbury boy, and came out head of the school before he was seventeen; and, though he did not quite carry

out his early reputation in scholarship at the University, he was a second class in classical honours. He first sat as member for Chester, where he once or twice came into sharp collision with Mr. Gladstone, and, later on, sat for his own University of Cambridge, of which he was made an LL.D., in company with Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour. He was also a Bencher

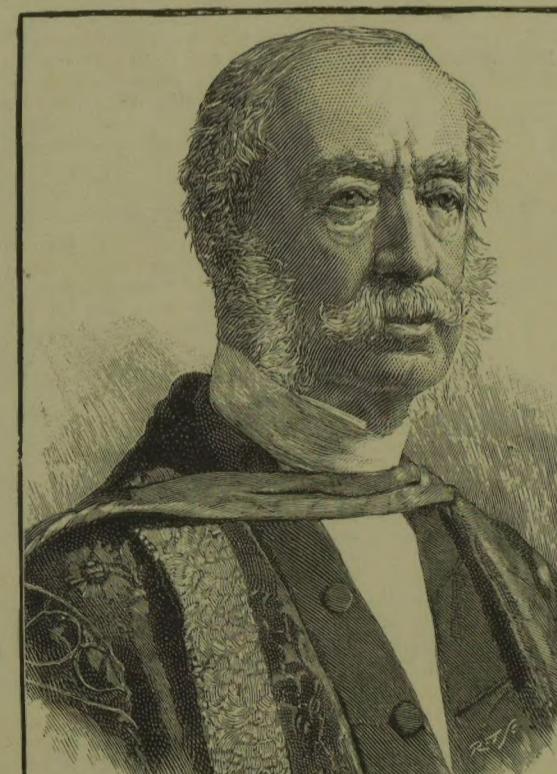


THE LATE RIGHT HON. CECIL RAIKES, M.P.,
POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

of the Middle Temple. He always took a prominent part in Church matters, and was President of the Central Council of Diocesan Conferences. He was also to a large extent an inspirer of Conservative organisation in the days when the Primrose League was not.

THE LATE LORD JUSTICE-GENERAL.

A distinguished Scottish lawyer has just died, in the person of the Right Hon. John Inglis, of Glencorse, who has been a leading figure on the Scottish Bench since his appointment as Lord Justice Clerk in 1858, and more especially since he succeeded Lord Colonsay in 1867 as Lord Justice-General and President of the Court of Session. He was born in 1810, his father being minister of the famous Old Greyfriars parish. He had a double University career, at Glasgow and Balliol, and his rise as an advocate was singularly rapid. A Conservative in politics, he was Solicitor-General and Lord Advocate to Lord Derby's Administration of 1852, and a little later, when his party returned to power in 1858, became member for Stamford, and Lord Advocate again. At the Scottish Bar, where he was Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, his great feats were his masterly defence of Madeline Smith on a charge of murdering L'Angelier, which secured her acquittal on a verdict of "Not Proven." Another *cause célèbre* was his prosecution of a firm of mapmakers on a charge of plagiarising Messrs. Johnston's famous atlases. In the latter case Mr. Inglis proved his case by showing that the rival firm had reproduced Messrs. Johnston's errors. In 1859, a year after he became Lord



THE LATE RIGHT HON. JOHN INGLIS,
LORD JUSTICE-GENERAL OF SCOTLAND.

Justice Clerk, he was made a Privy Councillor, and Oxford awarded him a D.C.L. Brilliant as his earlier career was, it was distinctly eclipsed by his record as the head of the First Division. His judgments became famous for their lucidity, knowledge, and vigorous common-sense. They were delivered in the most persuasive tones, and with a simple clearness which carried conviction with it. A list of the Lord President's honours would hardly be complete without a reference to his Chancellorship of the University of Edinburgh, in which he succeeded Lord Brougham in 1868. He delighted, says the *Times*, to preside at the graduation ceremonials, and "thousands of graduates must have received 'the tap of the velvet cap' at his hands."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Kings and queens and princes, like humbler mortals, are glad at the end of summer, after the fatigues of the season, to take a little rest. From all parts of Europe reports are received of the arrival or departure of royal or princely personages in search of health and repose. The German Emperor, whose health is completely restored after his accident on board the Hohenzollern, and who, it will be remembered, was the first of crowned heads to take what common mortals call a holiday, left Kiel for Berlin on Aug. 21, reaching the last-mentioned place next day. Immediately on his arrival the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, went to the Tempelhofer-feld to review the Corps of Guards. His Majesty appeared in excellent health, and has resumed his usual active life, holding reviews, attending banquets and theatrical and other performances, besides conferring with his Ministers and discharging his State duties with his wonted energy and decision.

The King of Greece, after his visit to Paris, has gone to Denmark, where he arrived in time to greet the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife on their arrival in the Elsinore Roads on Aug. 22. On Monday, Aug. 24, the Emperor and Empress of Russia arrived at Copenhagen, after an unusually rapid voyage from Cronstadt, in their magnificent new yacht, the Polar Star, so that there is now at the Danish Court a family gathering such as usually takes place every two years, when all the members of the royal family of Denmark meet together. The Prince of Wales, however, was not in Denmark, his Royal Highness having a few days before reached Homburg, where he is taking the waters. As to the Duke of Cambridge, he left Homburg for England in order to visit the French fleet at Portsmouth. The young King of Servia is still enjoying himself in France; the Queen of Italy is at Gressonay, on the Italian side of Monte Rosa; and the Prince and Princess of Montenegro, after a stay of six weeks at Heidelberg, have returned to Cettinje. The less fortunate of the illustrious personages of Europe is M. Carnot, who has been compelled to go to Paris from Fontainebleau on several occasions to greet various royal and imperial guests, and who will shortly resume his wanderings through France, in accordance with his engagements in deference to the wishes of the population of the eastern Departments.

The history of Prince Bismarck's retirement will be somewhat difficult to write, owing to the numerous versions of it recently given, most of which are entirely at variance with one another. The latest contribution to this curious chapter of modern history is a pamphlet just published at Berlin, entitled "The End of Prince Bismarck in Foreign Politics." The writer of this pamphlet, who withholds his name, seems to have had access to official documents, and has undertaken the task of showing the numerous mistakes made by Prince Bismarck on several occasions. Probably the anonymous author of this pamphlet found it easier and shorter to chronicle the ex-Chancellor's mistakes and failures than his clever political moves and successes; but it will be a work of great difficulty for any German writer to succeed in convincing his countrymen that Prince Bismarck lacked statesmanship and broad political views, and had no high-minded purposes. To return to the pamphlet itself, it has been written evidently with a view to counteract the effect of Prince Bismarck's latest advice to his countrymen to adopt a more benevolent attitude towards Russia. The writer contends that such a policy would inevitably drive Austria into the arms of Russia and France, and leave Germany with a Triple Alliance to face.

A curious fact in connection with the exhibition of the Holy Coat is the rivalry between Trèves and Argenteuil, near Paris, each of these two places insisting that it is the happy possessor of the genuine seamless tunic of our Lord. In order to clear all doubts as to the respective merits of the two relics, the Bishop of Versailles has sent to Trèves a priest who was entrusted with the mission of comparing the Holy Coat of Trèves with portions of the Holy Coat of Argenteuil. After examining the two garments, the conclusion come to by the priest from Argenteuil is that both are authentic. This view of the case, which cannot but be satisfactory to both parties, agrees with the theory of the clerical journal *Le Monde*, which says that Trèves possesses the long flaxen embroidered vesture, while Argenteuil has the seamless camel's-hair tunic.

From another point of view, it is interesting to learn, on the authority of an expert, Dr. Bock, of Aix-la-Chapelle, that the coat is mounted on silken byssus, an ancient material in use between the first and sixth centuries, but not since then. This is held in clerical circles in Germany to be a proof of the genuineness of the Trèves relic.

While the French sailors under Admiral Gervais were being entertained at Portsmouth by the British naval authorities, the French were giving a cordial reception to the British Mediterranean Squadron, commanded by Admiral Sir A. Hoskins, which arrived off Villefranche on Aug. 18. Admiral Hoskins was received by Admiral Duperre, who, the same evening, entertained Sir A. Hoskins and his officers at dinner on board the French flag-ship Formidable. The next day the officers of both squadrons were entertained at dinner on board the French ship Amiral Bandin, and on Aug. 20 Sir A. Hoskins gave a luncheon on board the Edinburgh to Admiral Duperre. The British squadron left Villefranche on Aug. 20 for Barcelona.

What is likely to prove a decisive battle was fought in view of Valparaiso on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Aug. 21, 22, and 23. The struggle commenced on the first-named day at the mouth of the Aconcagua, when the Government troops were repulsed by the Congressional forces. The fact is that the landing of 8000 men by the insurgents had taken Balmaceda and his generals by surprise. They, however, displayed great activity and took a strong position on the beach of Viña del Mar, when, according to the latest news from New York, Balmaceda's troops were again compelled to retire before the onslaught of the insurgents. A telegram from Lima, on the other hand, states that Balmaceda came off victorious and repulsed the attack of the insurgent troops, but both reports lack confirmation. The general impression is that the war cannot, under any circumstances, last much longer.

Valparaiso, with 100,000 inhabitants, is situated on the coast of the South Pacific Ocean, on a crescent-shaped range of steep hills around the wide bay, intersected by deep ravines breaking the mass of buildings into many detached clusters; while the high plateau above, called the Cerro, is also covered with houses. Along the shore of the bay, on the beach, runs the Circular Road, which is the main street for business, with goodly warehouses, banks, offices, and public buildings; the forts and batteries on the hills, armed with heavy guns, command every landing-place of the inner harbour. At one extremity of the bay is Fort Callao, behind which lies the seaside village of Viña del Mar, five miles from the city across the bay.



THE FRENCH SQUADRON AT SPITHEAD: ADMIRAL LORD CLANWILLIAM AND ADMIRAL GERVAIS MEETING ON BOARD THE FIRE QUEEN.



The judges had reassembled in the synagogue in the early morning. . . . The verdict was not ready yet, but the judges in council were near to their decision.

THE SCAPEGOAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,
AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

CHAPTER XV.

OF THE MEETING ON THE SÔK.

Although Israel did not know it, and in the hunger of his heart he would have given all the world to learn it, yet if any man could have peered into the dark chamber where the spirit of Naomi had dwelt seventeen years in silence, he would have seen that, dear as the child was to the father, still dearer and more needful was the father to the child. Since her mother left her he had been eyes of her eyes and ears of her ears, touching her hand for assent, patting her head for approval, and guiding her fingers to teach them signs. And since the coming of her gift of hearing he alone could speak to her at first, he alone could speak to her always; and of all the people

that were about her him alone could she always understand. She was so helpless, and he was so full of help; she so far from commerce with her kind, and he so skilled to reach her; she so like to a sensitive plant in alien soil, and he so like to the gardener that has set it there and must water and nurture it daily.

Thus Israel was more to Naomi than any father before to any daughter, more to her than mother or sister or brother or kindred; for he was her sole gateway to the world she lived in, the one alley whereby her spirit gazed upon it, the key that opened the closed doors of her soul; and without him neither could the world come in to her, nor could she go out to the world. Soft and beautiful was the commerce between them, mute on one side of all language save tears and kisses, like the commerce of a mother and her first-born child, as holy in love, as sweet in mystery, as pure from taint and as deep in tenderness. While her father was with her, then only did Naomi seem to live, and her happy heart to be full of wonder at the strange new things that flowed in upon it; and when he was gone from her she was merely a spirit barred and shut within her body's close abode, and waiting to be born anew.

When Israel made ready to go to Shawan, Naomi clung to him to hinder him, as if remembering his long absence when he went to Fez, and connecting it with the illness that came to her in his absence, or as seeming to see, with those (yes that were blind to the ways of the world, what was to befall him before he returned. He put her from him with many tender words, and smoothed her hair and kissed her forehead, as though to chide her while he blessed her for so much love. But her dread increased, and she held to him like a child to its mother's robe, and would not be gainsaid. And at last when he unloosed her hands and pushed them away as if he was in anger, and after that laughed lightly as if to tell her that he knew her meaning yet had no fear, then her trouble rose to a storm and she fell to a fit of weeping.

"Tut! tut! what is this?" he said. "I will be back to-morrow. Do you hear, my child?—to-morrow! At sunset to-morrow."

When he was gone, the strange terror that had so suddenly possessed her seemed to increase. Her face was red, her mouth was dry, her eyelids quivered, and her hands were restless. If

she sat she rose quickly; if she stood she walked again more fast. Sometimes she listened with head aside, sometimes moaned, sometimes wept outright, and sometimes she muttered to herself in noises such as none had heard from her lips before.

The bondwomen could find no way to comfort her. Rather did the trouble of her heart take hold of them. When she plucked Fatima by the gown, and with her blind eyes, that were also wet, seemed to look sadly into the black woman's face, as if asking for her father, like a dog for its master that is dead, Fatima shed tears as well, partly in pity of her fears, and partly in terror of the unknown troubles still to come which God himself might have revealed to her.

"Alas! little dumb soul, what is to happen now?" cried Fatima.

"Alack! girl," cried Habeebah, "the maid is sickening again."

And this was all that the good souls could make of her restless agitation. She slept that night from sheer exhaustion, a deep lethargic slumber, apparently broken once or twice by troubled dreams. When she awoke in the morning at the first sound of the voice of the muezzin, the evil dreams seemed to be with her still. She appeared to be moving along in them like one spellbound by a great dread that she could not utter, as if she were living through a nightmare of the day. Then long hour followed long hour, but the inquietude of her mood did not abate. Her bosom heaved, her throat throbbed, her excitement became hysterical. Sometimes she broke into wild, inarticulate shouts, and sometimes the black women could have believed, in spite of knowledge and reason, that she was muttering and speaking words, though with a wild disorder of utterance.

At last the day waned and the sun went down. Naomi seemed to know when this occurred, for she could scent the cool air. Then, with a fresh intentness, she listened to the footsteps outside, and, having listened, her trouble increased. What did Naomi hear? The black women could hear nothing, save the common sounds of the streets—the shouts of children at play, the calls of women, the cries of the mule-drivers, and now and again the piercing shrieks of a black storyteller from the town of the Moors—only this varied flow of voices, and under it the indistinct murmur of multitudinous life coming and going on every side. Did other sounds come to Naomi's ears? Was her spiritual sense, which was unclogged by any grosser medium than that of hearing, conscious of some terrible undertone of impending trouble? Or was her disquietude no more than recollection of her father's promise to be back at sunset, and anxiety for his return? Fatima and Habeebah knew nothing and saw nothing. All that they could do was to wring their hands.

Meantime, Naomi's agitation became yet more restless, and nothing would serve her at last but that she should go out into the streets. And the black women, seeing her so steadfastly-minded, and being affected by her fears, made her ready, and themselves as well, and then all three went out together.

It was now an hour after sunset, the light was fading, and the traffic was sinking down. Only at the gate of the Mellah, which, contrary to custom, had not yet been closed, was the throng still dense. A group of Jews stood under it in earnest and passionate talk. There was a strange and bodeful silence on every side. The coffee-house of the Moors beyond the gate was already lit up, and the door was open, but the floor was empty. No snake-charmers, no jugglers, no storytellers, with their circles of squatting spectators, were to be seen or heard. These professors of science and magic and jocularity had never before been absent. Even the blind beggars, crouching under the town walls, were silent. But out of the mosques there came a deep low chant as of many voices, from great numbers gathered within.

The black women saw that something unusual had occurred or was occurring. What was it? They did not know; but Naomi's fears were partly justified. Where were they going? They did not know that either, but Naomi held their hands, and they must needs follow where she led. Her body was between them; where was her mind? Neither did they know that, but they were borne along by her feeble frame as by an irresistible force. And pitiful it would have seemed, and perhaps foolish also, if any human eye had seen them then, these helpless children of God, going whither they knew not and whereto they knew not, save that a fear that was like to madness drew them on.

On and on Naomi passed from street to street. They were the same streets whereby she had returned to her father's house on the day that her goat was slain. Never since then had she trodden them, but she neither halted nor turned aside to the right or the left, but made straight forward, until she came to the Sök el Foki, and to the place where the goat had fallen before the foaming jaws of the dog from the Kabar. Then she could go no farther.

An immense throng covered the upper half of the market square, and overflowed into the streets and arched alleys going up to the Kasba. It was not a close and dense crowd of white-hooded forms such as gathered on that spot on market morning—a seething, steaming, moving mass of haiks and jellabs and mughrabieh blankets, with here and there a bare shaven head and plaited crown-lock—but a great crowd of dark figures in black gowns and skull-caps. The assemblage was of Jews only—Jews of every age and class and condition, from the comely young Jewish butcher in his blood-stained rags to the toothless old Jewish banker with gold braid on his new kaftan.

They were gathered together to consider the posture of affairs in relation to the plague of locusts. Hence the Moorish officials had suffered them to remain outside the walls of their Mellah after sunset. Some of the Moors themselves stood aside and watched, but at a distance, and leaving a vacant space to denote the distinction between them. The scribes sat in their open booths pretending to read their Koran or to write with their rush pens; the gunsmiths stood at their shop doors, and the country Berbers, crowded out of their usual camping-ground on the Sök, squatted on the vacant spots adjacent. All looked on eagerly, but apparently impassively, at the vast company of the Jews.

And so great was the concourse of these people, and so wild their commotion, that they were like nothing else but a sea broken by tempestuous winds. The market-place rang as a vault with the sounds of their voices, their harsh cries, their protests, their pleadings, their entreaties, and all the fury of their brazen throats. And out of their loud uproar, one name above all other names rose in the air on every side. It was the name of Israel ben Olliel. Against him they were breathing out threats, foretelling imminent dangers from the hand of man, and predicting fresh judgments from God. There was no evil which had befallen him early or late but they were remembering it, and reckoning it up and rejoicing in it. And there was no evil which had befallen themselves but they were laying it to his charge.

Yesterday, when they passed through the town in their procession of penance, following their Chief Rabbi as he walked abreast of the Imám, that they might call on God to destroy the eggs of the locust, they had expected the heavens to open over their heads, and to feel the rain fall instantly.

The heavens had not opened, the rain had not fallen, the thick hot cake as of baked air had continued to hang and to palpitate in the sky, and the fierce sun had beaten down as before on the parched and scorching earth. Seeing this, as their petitions ended, while the Moslems went back to their houses, disappointed but resigned, and muttering to themselves, "It is written!" they had returned to their synagogues, convinced that the plague was a judgment, and resolved, like the sailors of the ship going down to Tarshish, to cast lots and to know for whose cause the evil was upon them.

They were more than a hundred and twenty families, and were therefore entitled to elect a Synhedrin. So three-and-twenty judges they had appointed, without usurers, or slave-dealers, or gamblers, or aged men, or childless ones. The judges had sat in session the same night, and their judgment had been unanimous. The lot of the Jonah had fallen on Israel. He had sold himself to their masters and enemies, the Moors, against the hope and interest of his own people; he had driven some of the sons of his race and nation into exile in distant cities; he had brought others to the Kasba, and yet others to death; he was a man at open enmity with God, and God had given him, as a mark of his displeasure, a child who was cursed with devils, a daughter who had been born blind and dumb and deaf, and was still without sight and speech.

Could the hand of God's anger be more plain if it were printed in fire upon the sky? Israel was the evil one for whose sin they suffered this devastating plague. The Lord was rebuking them for sparing him, even as He had rebuked Saul for sparing the King and cattle of the Amalekites. Seventeen years and more he had been among them without being of them, never entering a synagogue, never observing a fast, never joining at a feast. Not until their judgment went out against him would God's anger be appeased. Let them cut him off from the children of his race, and the blessed rain would fall from heaven, and the thirsty earth would drink it, and the eggs of the locust would be destroyed. But let them put off any longer their rightful task and duty before God and before the people, and that evil time would soon come. Within eight-and-twenty days the eggs would be hatched, and within eight-and-forty other days the young locust would have wings. Before the end of those seventy-and-six days the harvest of wheat and barley would be yellow to the scythe and ripe for the granary, but the locust would cover the face of the earth, and there would be no grain to gather. The scythe would be idle, the granaries would be empty, the tillers of the ground would come hungry into the markets, and they themselves that were town-dwellers and tradesmen would be perishing for bread, both they and their children with them.

Thus in Israel's absence, while he was away at Shawan, the three-and-twenty judges of the new Synhedrin of Tetuan had tried, convicted, and condemned him. God would not let them perish for this man's life, and neither would He charge them with his blood. Nevertheless, judges though they were, they could not kill him. They could only appeal against him to the Kaid. And what could they say? That the Lord had sent this plague of locusts in punishment of Israel's sin? Benaboo would laugh in their faces and answer them, "It is written." That to appease God's wrath it was expedient that this Jew should die? Convince the Moslem that a Jew had brought this desolation upon the land of the Shereefs, and he would arise, and his soldiers with him, and the whole community of the Jewish people would be destroyed.

The judges had laid their heads together. It was idle to appeal to Benaboo against Israel on any ground of belief. Nay, it was more than idle, for it was dangerous. Nothing was there in common between his faith and their own. His God was not their God, save in name only. The one was Allah, great, stern, relentless, inexorable, not to be moved, striding on to an inevitable end, heedless of man, and trampling upon him, though sometimes mocked with the names of the Compassionate and the Merciful. But the other was Jehovah, the father of His people Israel, caring for them, upholding them, guiding the world for them, conquering for them, but visiting His anger upon them when they fell before Him.

The three-and-twenty judges in session in the synagogue had sat far into the night, with the light of the candles gleaming on their perplexed and ashy faces. Some other ground of appeal against Israel had to be found, and they could not find it. At length they had remembered that, by ancient law and custom, the trial of an Israelite, for life or death, must end an hour after sunset. Also they had been reminded that the day that heard the evidence in a capital case must not be the same whereon the verdict was pronounced. So they had broken up and returned home. And going out at the gate, they had told the crowds that waited there that judgment had fallen upon Israel ben Olliel, but that his doom could not be made known until sunset on the following day.

That time was now come. In eagerness and impatience, in hot blood and anger, the people had gathered in the Sök three hours after midday. The judges had reassembled in the synagogue in the early morning. They had not broken bread since yesterday, for the day that condemned a son of Israel to death had to be a fast day to his judges. As the afternoon had worn on, the doors of the synagogue had been thrown open. The verdict was not ready yet, but the judges in council were near to their decision. At the open door the reader of the synagogue had stationed himself, holding a flag in his hand. Under the gate of the Mellah a second messenger was standing, so placed that he could see the movement of the flag. If the flag fell, the verdict would be "death," and the man under the gate would carry the tidings to the people gathered in the market-place. Then the three-and-twenty judges would come in procession and tell what steps had been taken that the doom pronounced might be carried into effect. Amid all their loud uproar, and notwithstanding the wild anger which seemed to consume them, the people turned at intervals of a few minutes to glance back towards the Mellah gate.

If the angels were looking down, surely it was a pitiful sight—these children of Zion in an alien land, where they were held as dogs and vermin and human scavengers to the Moslem; thinking and speaking and acting as their fathers had done any time for five thousand years before; again judging it expedient that one man should die rather than the whole people should be brought to destruction; again probing their crafty heads, if not their hearts, for an artifice whereby their scapegoat might be killed by the hand of their enemy; children indeed, for all that some of their heads were bald, and some of their beards were grizzled, and some of their faces were wrinkled and hard and fierce; little children of God writhing in the grip of their great trouble.

Such was the scene to which Naomi had come, and such had been the doings of the town since the hour when her father had left her. What hand had led her? What power had taught her? Was it merely that her far-reaching ears had heard the tumult? Had some unknown sense, groping in darkness, filled her with a vague terror, too indefinite to be called a thought, of great and impending evil? Or was it some other influence, some higher leading? Was it that the Lord was in

His heaven that night as always, and that when the two black bondwomen in their helpless fear were following the blind maiden through the darkening streets she in her turn was following God? God knows, and only God can say.

When Fatima and Habeebah saw what it was to which Naomi had led them, though they were sorely concerned at it, yet they drew their breath in peace, and put by the worst of the fears with which her strange behaviour had infected them. And remembering that she was the daughter of Israel, and they were his servants, and neither thinking themselves safe from danger if they stayed any longer where his name was banded about as a reproach, nor fully knowing how many of the curses that were heaped upon him found a way to Naomi's mind, they were for turning again and going back to the house. But Naomi was not to be moved. No gentle force availed to stir her. She stood where she had placed herself on the outskirts of the crowd, motionless save for her heaving bosom and trembling limbs, and silent save for her loud breathing and the low muttering of her pale lips, yet listening eagerly with her neck outstretched.

And if, as she listened, any human eye could have looked in on her dumb and imprisoned soul, the tumult it would have seen must have been terrible. For, though no one knew it for a certainty, yet in her darkness and muteness since the coming of her gift of hearing she had been learning speech and the different voices of men. All that was spoken in that crowd she understood, and never a word escaped her, and what others saw she felt, only nearer and more terrible, because wrapped in the darkness outside her eyes that were blind.

First, there came a lull in the general clamour, and then a coarse, jarring, stridulous voice rose in the air. Naomi knew whose voice it was—it was the voice of old Abraham Pigman, the usurer.

"Brothers of Tetuan," the old man cried, "what are we waiting for? For the verdict of the judges? Who wants their verdict? There is only one thing to do. Let us ask the Kaid to remove this man. The Kaid is a humane master. If he has sometimes worked wrong by us he has been driven to do that which in his soul he abhors. Let us go to him and say, 'Basha, through five-and-twenty years this man of our people has stood over us to oppress us, and your servants have suffered and been silent. In that time we have seen the seed of Israel hunted from the houses of their fathers where they have lived since their birth. We have seen them buffeted and smitten, without a resting-place for the sole of their foot, and perishing in hunger and thirst and nakedness and the want of all things. Is this to your honour, or your glory, or your profit?'"

The people broke into loud cries of approval, and when they were once more silent, the thick voice went on: "And not the seed of Israel only, but the sons of Islam also, has this man plunged in the depths of misery. Under a Sultan who desires liberty and a Kaid that loves justice, in a land that breathes freedom and a city that is favoured of God, our brethren the Moslemeen sink with us in deep mire where there is no standing. Every day brings us both its burden of fresh sorrow. At this moment a plague is upon us. The country is bare; the town is overflowing; every man stumbles over his fellow; our lives hang in doubt; in the morning we say, 'Would it were evening'; in the evening we say, 'Would it were morning'; the waters are come in unto our souls; stretch out your hand and help us!'"

Again the crowd burst into shouts of assent, and the stridulous voice continued: "Let us say to him, 'Basha, there is no way of help but one. Pluck down this man that is set over us. He belongs to our own race and nation; but give us a master of any other race and nation, any Moor, any Arab, any Berber, any Negro; only take back this man of our own people, and your servants will bless you.'"

The old man's voice was drowned in great shouts of "Benaboo!" "To Benaboo!" "Why wait for the judges?" "To the Kasba!" "The Kasba!"

But a second voice came piercing through the boom and plash of those waves of sound, and it was thin and shrill as the cry of a pea-hen. Naomi knew this voice also—it was the voice of Judah ben Lolo, the Elder of the synagogue, who would have been sitting among the three-and-twenty judges but that he was a usurer also.

"Why go to the Kaid?" said the voice like a pea-hen. "Does the Basha love this Israel ben Olliel? Has he of late given many signs of such affection? Bethink you, brothers, and act wisely! Would not Benaboo be glad to have done with this servant who has been so long his master? Then why trouble him with your grievance? Act for yourselves, and the Kaid will thank you! Wait for the verdict of the judges, and let the hour that hears the doom of this man pronounced be the same that sees it carried into effect. And well may this Israel ben Olliel praise the Lord and worship Him that He has not put it into the hearts of His people to play the game of breaker of tyrants by the spilling of blood, as the races around them, the Arabs and the Berbers, that are of a temper more warm by nature, must long ago have done, and that not unjustly either, or altogether to the displeasure of a Kaid who is good and humane and merciful, and has never loved that his poor people should be oppressed."

At this word, though it made pretence to commend the temperance of the crowd, their fury broke out more loudly than before. "Away with the man!" "Away with him!" rang out on every side in countless voices, husky and clear, gruff and sharp, piping and deep. Not a voice of them all called for mercy or for patience.

While the anger of the people surged and broke in the air, a third voice came through the tumult, and Naomi knew it, for it was the harsh voice of Reuben Maliki, the silversmith and keeper of the poor-box.

"And does God," said Reuben, "any more than Benaboo—blessings on his beard!—love that His people should be oppressed? How has He dealt with this Israel ben Olliel? Does He stand steadfastly beside him, or has His hand gone out against him? Since the day he came here, five-and-twenty years ago, has God saved him or smitten him? Remember Ruth, his wife, how she died when young! Remember her father, our old Grand Rabbi, David boo Hannah, how the hand of the Lord fell upon him on the night of the day whereon his daughter was married! Remember this girl Naomi, this offspring of sin, this accursed and afflicted one, still blind and speechless!"

Then the voices of the crowd came to Naomi's ears like the neigh of a breathless horse. Fatima had laid hold of her gown and was whispering "Come! Let us away!" But Naomi only clutched her hand and trembled.

The harsh voice of Reuben Maliki rose in the air again. "Do you say that the Lord gave him riches? Behold him!—he swallowed them down, but has he not vomited them up? Examine him!—that which he took by extortions has he not been made to restore? Watch him!—the meat of his bowels, has it nourished him, or is it turned to gall of asps within him? Does God's anger smoke against him? Answer me, Yes or no!"

Like a bolt out of the sky there came a great shout of "Yes!" And instantly afterwards, from another direction, there came a fourth voice, a peevish, raucous, tremulous voice, the voice of an old woman. Naomi knew it—it was the voice of Rebecca

Benzabott, ninety-and-odd years of age, and still deaf as a stone.

"Tut! What is all this talking about?" she snapped and grunted. "Reuben Maliki, save your wind for your widows—you don't give them too much of it. And, Abraham Pigman, go home to your money-bags. I am an old fool, am I? Well, I've the more right to speak plain. What are we waiting here for? The judges? Pooh! The verdict? Fiddle-faddle! It is Israel ben Oliel, isn't it? Then stone him! What are you afraid of? The Kaid? He'll laugh in your faces. A blood-feud? Who is to wage it? A ransom? Who is to ask for it? Only this mute, this Naomi, and you'll have to work her a miracle and find her a tongue first. Out on you! Men? Pshaw! You are children!"

The people laughed—it was the hard, grating, hollow laugh that sets the teeth on edge behind the lips that utter it. Instantly the voices of the crowd broke up into a discordant clangour, like to the counter-currents of an angry sea. "She's

learn of the means whereby they, who were not masters in their own house, might carry the verdict into effect. The procession was even then forming. It was coming out of the synagogue; it was passing under the gate of the Mellah; it was approaching the Sikk el Foki. The Rabbins walked in front of it. At its tail came four Moors with shamefaced looks. They were the soldiers and muleteers whom Israel had hired when he set out on his pilgrimage to that enemy of all Kaidas and Bashas, Mohammed of Mequincz. By-and-by they were to betray him to Benaboo.

But no one saw either Rabbins or Moors. The people were twisting and turning like worms on an upturned turf. "Why sack his house?" cried some. "Why drive him out?" cried others. "A poor revenge!" "Kill him!" "Kill him!"

At the sound of that word, never before spoken, though every ear had waited for it, the shouts of the crowd rose to madness. But suddenly, in the midst of the wild vociferations

would befall if he were taken from her? That thought was like the sweeping of a dead hand across his face. So his body stooped as he walked with his staff, and his head was held down, and his step was heavy.

Thus the old lion came on to the market-place, where the people were gathered together as wolves to devour him. On he came, seeing nothing and hearing nothing and fearing nothing, and in the silence of the first surprise at sight of him his footsteps were heard on the stones.

Naomi heard them.

Then it seemed to Naomi's ears that a voice fell, as it were, out of the air, crying, "God has given him into our hands!" After that, all sounds seemed to Naomi to fade far away, and to come to her muffled and stifled by the distance.

But with a loud shout, as if it had been a shout out of one great throat, the crowd encompassed Israel, crying "Kill him!" Israel stopped, and lifted his heavy face upon the people; but neither did he cry out nor make any struggle for his life. He stood erect and silent in their midst, and massive and square. His brave bearing did not break their fury. They fell upon him, a hundred hands together. One struck at his face, another tore at his long grey hair, and a third thrust him down on his knees.

No one had yet observed on the outer rim of the crowd the pale slight girl that stood there—blind, dumb, powerless, frail, and so softly beautiful—a waif on the margin of a tempestuous sea. Through the thick barriers of Naomi's senses everything was coming to her ugly and terrible. Her father was there! They were tearing him to pieces!

Suddenly she was gone from the side of the two black women. Like a flash of light she had passed through the bellowing throng. She had thrust herself between the people and her father, who was on the ground: she was standing over him with both arms upraised, and at that instant God had loosed the strings of her tongue, for she was crying—"Mercy! Mercy!"

Then the crowd fell back in great fear. The dumb had spoken. No man dared to touch Israel any more. The hands that had been lifted against him dropped back useless, and a wide circle formed around him. In the midst of it stood Naomi. Her blind face quivered; she seemed to glow like a spirit. And like a spirit had she driven back the people from their deed of blood as with the voice of God—she, the blind, the frail, the helpless.

Israel rose to his feet, for no man touched him again, and the procession of judges, which had now come up, was silent. And, seeing how it was that in the hour of his great need Naomi had come upon the gift of speech, his heart rose big within him, and he tried to triumph over his enemies and say—"You thought God's arm was against me, but behold how God has saved me out of your hands!"

But he could not speak. The dumbness that had fallen from his daughter seemed to have dropped upon him.

At that moment Naomi turned to him and said, "Father!"

Then the cup of Israel's heart was full. His throat choked him. So he took her by the hand in silence, and down a long alley of the people they passed through the Mellah gate and went home to their house. Her eyes were to the earth, and she wept as she walked, but his face was lifted up, and his tears and his blood ran down his cheeks together.

(To be continued.)

OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

XII.

A Letter from Reginald Banks, J.P., to a Dog-fancier, returning a recent purchase.

The Cedars, Pumpington.

Dear Sir,—Would you kindly call at your earliest convenience and take away the dog, Fidelis, which you sold me last Friday? I do not ask you to restore the sum which I paid for Fidelis: I only want you to take the beast away. I try to live an honest and upright life, and I find such a life impossible while I am the owner of Fidelis. I never thought that the day would come when I should hear myself saying what I knew to be untrue; yet on the subject of Fidelis I have lied persistently, monstrously, inevitably. I have told lies about that dog to my own wife and children, and when they found me out I had to tell more lies in self-defence. And I am a Justice of the Peace! Oh, the pity of it!

You will remember that I told you I did not require a dog of remarkable breeding and pedigree. I wanted a small, good-tempered, highly intelligent beast. You then brought out Fidelis and sold him to me for a sovereign. I will not reproach you; you may not have quite known what you were doing.

On the morning after the dog's arrival—my family were at breakfast and I was feeding the dog—it struck me that I would see if he could fetch-and-carry; so I whistled to Fidelis and went out into the garden. On that occasion, for the first and only time since I have been its owner, the dog followed me. I rolled up a glove into a ball and threw it. Fidelis rushed after it in a most satisfactory and business-like way, picked it up, walked away from me into the shrubbery with it, and ate it. I found him sitting on his tail under a tree, thinking. I tried to persuade him to come away, but he would not. He was not bad-tempered about it, only firm. Those are the facts as they really occurred. When I came back into the breakfast-room I had no intention whatever of misrepresenting these facts. Yet this is the conversation which took place—

"Does Fidelis fetch-and-carry well, papa?" asked my youngest.

"Capitally." My first lie.

"You think he really is smart?"

"I know he is." My second lie.

"Let me go out and see him fetch-and-carry."

"You can't, because I've chained him up." My third lie. At this moment the dog entered the room through the window.

"He must have undone his chain, papa."

"That's just what he has done—unfastened the swivel with his nose—he's as sharp as nails." My fourth, fifth, and sixth lies.

I have kept no account of my lies after this. They have been awful and numerous. They have all been told in order to get that dog a reputation for intelligence. I do not know why it is, but I do not believe there is a single man in England who is willing to allow that his own dog has rather less intelligence than the average dog. I am afraid now that I am suspected. My wife says nothing, but she always smiles when I begin to talk about that dog. Friends ask me—satirically, I fancy—what is the latest news about Fidelis.

So come and take the dog away before I lose absolutely all regard for the beauty and holiness of truth. I do not want to lie, but the dog makes me do it. I have in my desk a confession, signed and sealed, in which I disclose the dog's real character and my own career of mendacity. It is to be opened after my death.—Yours truly,

R. BANKS.

P.S.—Please take the dog away by night, so that his disappearance is mysterious. Then I can get up a good story about—dear me, I'm at it again!



God had loosed the strings of her tongue, for she was crying—"Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!"

right," said a shrill voice. "He deserves it," snuffled a nasal one. "At least, let us drive him out of the town," said a third gruff voice. "To his house!" cried a fourth voice, that pealed over all. "To his house!" came then from countless hungry throats.

"Come! let us go," whispered Fatima to Naomi, and again she laid hold of her arm to force her away. But Naomi shook off her hand, and muttered strange sounds to herself, and quivered with keen throes. Listening to the whoop and yell of the crowd around her, the maiden, in her circle of darkness, was as one that lies hidden in a vault underground, and hears the footsteps overhead of them that hurry to and fro in their fury and hunt for his life.

"To his house! Sack it! Drive the tyrant out!" the people howled in a hundred rasping voices; but, before anyone had stirred, a man riding a mule had forced his way into the middle of the crowd.

It was the messenger from under the Mellah gate. In their new frenzy the people had forgotten him. He had come to make known the decision of the Synhedrin. The flag had fallen; the verdict was death.

Hearing this doom, the people heard no more, and neither did they wait for the procession of the judges, that they might

there was a shrill cry of "He is there!" and then there was a great silence.

It was Israel himself. He was coming afoot down the lane under the town walls from the gate called the Bab Toot, where the road comes in from Shawan. At fifty paces behind him Ali, the black boy, was riding one horse and leading another.

He was returning from the prison, and thinking how the poor followers of Absalam, after he had fed them of his poverty, had blessed him out of their dry throats, saying, "May the God of Jacob bless you also, brother!" and "May the child of your wife be blessed!" Ah! those blessings, he could hear them still! They followed him as he walked. He did not fly from them any longer, for they sang in his ears and were like music in his melted soul. Once before he had heard such music. It was in England. The organ swelled and the voices rose, and he was a lonely boy, for his mother lay in her grave at his feet. His mother! How strangely his heart was softened towards himself and the world! And Ruth! He could think of nothing without tenderness. And Naomi! Ah! the sun was nigh two hours down, and Naomi would be waiting for him at home, for she was as one that had no life without his presence. What



Fred Pegrin

WAITING FOR THE REAPERS.



A FIRE-ENGINE IN A SIBERIAN TOWN.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



"THE KING OF THE CASTLE."

LITERATURE.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD'S NEW NOVEL.

The Witch of Prague. By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan and Co.)—It would have been surprising if the story-tellers had not hastened to include hypnotism in the machinery of romance. It is now a scientific fact that the marvels which can be done by hypnotic suggestion are far more striking than the fables of the old sorcerers. When you are told that it was unquestionably self-hypnotism which enabled Louise Lateau to produce the sacred stigmata on her hands and feet, and make the wounds bleed every Friday, you are more impressed by this revelation of nature than by any fantasy of the supernatural. But when the novelist follows in the steps of the physicians, and seeks to annex their domain to the realms of fiction, he runs considerable risk of falling between two stools. In his eagerness to remind us that some astonishing incident is due to hypnotism, he is likely to spoil the illusion of his story; and if he tries to make science play a fitful second fiddle to his surprising adventures, he produces an effect like that of the intervention of a professor in a fairy tale. We cannot say that Mr. Crawford has escaped from this dilemma. His story is too like an unsuccessful paraphrase of Bulwer Lytton's tales of magic. It is neither a thorough-going romance nor an application of scientific facts to a study of daily life. His Witch would be vastly more impressive if she performed her wonders by a frank use of the black art than she is by virtue of her hypnotic powers. Anything like illusion is impossible to a patchwork of medical anecdotes and romantic fancy. Mr. Crawford seems to be conscious of this, for though there is nothing miraculous in Unorna, a strange personage, who is called Keyork Arabian, is evidently intended to be either a fiend or to be possessed by the belief that he can obtain possession of Unorna's soul. This gentleman is disappointed at the end of the book, and so "there was a low sound in the air, unearthly, muffled, desperate, as of a strong being groaning in awful agony." Mr. Crawford tries to capture a certain section of credulous readers by suggesting the baffled malignity of a bad spirit. Like the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," he wants to make their flesh creep; but, at the same time, he hopes to conciliate the more prosaic reader by making the singular proceedings of his Witch coincide with scientific data, and quoting historic documents in footnotes. We are afraid this enterprising experiment will not do. The prosaic reader will probably be bored, and the credulous reader will have an uneasy sensation that the supernatural oracle is distinctly out of order. Moreover, in this novel there is an appalling quantity of Mr. Crawford's verbiage. No living writer is able to turn out so many pages of fluent prose with such an extremely small stock of ideas. For example, in the first volume of "The Witch of Prague" there are sixteen pages of rhapsody about love and death, of which this is a fair specimen: "He who has won woman in the face of daring rivals, of enormous odds, of gigantic obstacles, knows what love means; he who has lost her having loved her, alone has measured with his own soul the bitterness of earthly sorrow, the depth of total loneliness, the breadth of the wilderness of despair." Possibly Mr. Crawford may persuade himself that this kind of thing, which anybody with a fair vocabulary can write on end without the smallest trouble, is genuine eloquence. But the reviewer, who knows to an inch the dimensions of that "wilderness of despair" and those "gigantic obstacles," can predict with scientific certitude the exact places in Mr. Crawford's novels where they will be turned on. Such devices are, of course, quite unworthy of any writer with the smallest pretension to be an artist. They justify the scorn which Mr. Howells has poured upon the great mass of English fiction. They make the reviewer, who, hardened cynic as he is, has still a tear or two left, weep over the effrontery which pads out three volumes with any nonsense that comes to hand. But neither scorn nor tears can prevent Mr. Crawford from misusing his undoubted gifts in order to produce so many novels per annum.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY HISTORY.

Some ingenious projectors and speculators, contemplating the social institutions of civilised mankind, are pleased to exercise their fancy in descriptions of the changed state of Europe and the United States—Sir Julius Vogel showed up Australia and New Zealand—as they will be after a hundred years from this time. For one of the latest and strangest visionary romances so conceived the responsibility is owned by an American writer, Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, already known to us as patentee of "The Great Cryptogram," an alphabetical machine for converting Shakspere into Bacon. In his new volume, *Cesar's Column* (published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), this imaginative author undertakes to "paint a dreadful picture of the world-wreck which successful anarchism would produce." But his picture of the pre-existing monstrous wickedness, inhumanity, tyranny, and profligacy of a wealthy oligarchy in power, in the city of New York, is more hideous than that of the Nihilist insurrection. As a story, Mr. Donnelly's work has no merit of literary composition. It is merely a bad dream. The interest is that of a narrative crowded with the most sensational incidents; where secret conspirators, disguised spies, guarded conclaves, mysterious signals and messages, attempted assassinations and narrow escapes, with the rescue of a lovely girl from perilous captivity, and fierce combats on land and water and in the upper air, lead finally to the wiping-out of a corrupt society by enormous fire and slaughter. The characters are too unreal for any personal concern in their actions or adventures; while the discussions and declamations are too wild and absurd for any profitable lesson of social reform. That the most potent adaptations of physical forces, mechanical, chemical, or electrical, to serve human contrivances, will not avail to make people good and happy is unquestionably true. In the "Demon" fleet of air-ships, dropping bombs charged either with dynamite or with a

compound that diffuses a deadly poisonous vapour, among the inhabitants of towns or in the camps of armies beneath, we behold an instrument of tyranny only to be diverted by treason. The choice then lies between such a foul despotism as that of the Prince of Cabano and the savage fury of the insurgent mob, with its bloodthirsty chief, the ruffian called Cæsar, who builds a triumphal column of skulls and skeletons on the site of the great city that he has burned.

Another book of this class, but one more comfortable to read, is entitled *The World Grown Young* (W. H. Allen and Co., publishers). It is written by Mr. William Herbert, in whose vein of optimist cheerfulness, with his abundant and precise devices of legislative philanthropy, a tendency very different from that of "Cæsar's Column" is displayed. The hero of modern life, by whose agency, early in the next century, marvellous improvements are to be most peacefully brought to pass, is Mr. Philip Adams, a mighty steel manufacturer, the richest man in the world, having a yearly income of eight to twelve millions sterling. He is also the wisest, the most virtuous, the most generous, public-spirited, and patriotic of English citizens. After gaining public applause and confidence by his own establishment of charitable and industrial operations, so as to put an end to the evils of destitution, pauperism, and vagrancy, Mr. Adams goes into Parliament, and not only proposes but easily carries, by persuasive arguments and by his personal influence, a series of measures putting everything to rights. The narrative may be regarded either as a fictitious political biography, in which point of view the absence of rivalry, hostility, or active opposition leaves it rather flat; or as a passage of imaginary national and social history. There may be two or three questions

la Mort" appeared some four to five years ago. The incident has brought up the question of titles once more. Both Alexandre Dumas *père* and Balzac were especially happy in their designation of men and things. Both "Les Trois Mousquetaires" and "La Recherche de l'Absolu" tell their own story, and would not by any other name have taken such a hold on popular fancy. "La Nouvelle Héloïse" owed not a little of its fame to the aptly chosen title; but the opinion of contemporary masters of French fiction differ on the subject. Pierre Loti allows Madame Juliette Adam to choose his titles for him, and his confidence has not been misplaced. Zola prefers to take the name of one of his prominent personages, and thus flung "Thérèse Raquin" in his public's face at a time when long involved titles were the rule. Victor Hugo wrote up to his titles: "Les Misérables" and "Notre Dame de Paris" are the most striking examples of this. Bourget hesitates till the last moment, and considers that "Mensonges" was his best find. De Maupassant himself is best in his short-story titles; but the wittiest and cleverest of all are those invented by the Vicomtesse de Martel ("Gyp"), who has made "P'tit Bob" and "P'tit Bleu" almost household words with the public for whom she writes her bright sketches of contemporary "hig lif."

The first series of *The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour* has just been concluded with the smartest volume of the six, not excepting even Mr. Lang's "Essays in Little." Indeed, we are much mistaken if Mr. Barry Pain's "In a Canadian Canoe" (Henry and Co.) does not create a *furore*. Certainly it is one of the wittiest books of the year. Mr. Barry Pain has hitherto been known chiefly, if not only, by his clever *jeux d'esprit* in the *Speaker*, though much of his present volume has been familiar for some time to Cambridge men by its original appearance in the *Granta*. If the new series of *The Whitefriars* which Messrs. Henry promise us begins anything like as well as the old one ends, we shall have a good deal to thank them for.

M. Léon Daudet, the young son of the author of "Tartarin sur les Alpes," &c., is following in his father's footsteps. "Germe et Poussière," three essays on the finality of all things, has been published by Charpentier, and is creating a certain amount of attention. Up to the present time the young writer has been chiefly distinguished as being the individual to whom Alphonse Daudet dedicated his sombre *chef-d'œuvre* "Sapho," with the words "A mon fils quand il aura ringt ans," and as having become the husband last year of Peachblossom Hugo, the fair-haired Jeanne for whom the poet learnt *l'art d'être grand-père*.

Alphonse Daudet himself is working at a new novel, but owing to the state of his health he has been forbidden to write for more than half an hour at a time, and sometimes many days pass before he can spend even that short period at his desk. Madame Julia Daudet, herself a charming, delicate writer of French prose, takes down from dictation much of her husband's correspondence; but unfortunately Daudet cannot compose aloud, which is a real misfortune in more ways than one, for every new novel brings the author of "Sapho" four thousand pounds within two years of its appearance. In France the *droits d'auteurs* on republication in serial form of any novels or stories are vigorously collected by the Société des Gens de Lettres for its members, and form a great addition to the income of popular writers.

Mr. Austin Dobson's elaborate book on Hogarth will be published in October; Mr. Thomas Hardy is to edit a collection of Barnes's poems; Messrs. Macmillan are to publish a one-volume Lowell, uniform with their Shelley and Wordsworth, with an introduction by Mr. Thomas Hughes.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.—"Richard Wagner: a Sketch of his Life and Works," by Franz Muncker, translated from the German by D. Landman (Williams and Norgate); "Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems," by William Watson, *Cameo Series*, second edition (T. Fisher Unwin); "Macmillan's Bibliographical Catalogue, 1843-89" (Macmillan and Co.); "The Story of the Filibusters," by James Jeffrey Roche, *Adventure Series* (T. Fisher Unwin); "Modern Authors: a Review and a Forecast," by Arthur Lynch (Ward and Downey); "A Summer in Kieff," by Isabel Morris (Ward and Downey). K.

A RELIC OF OLD FLEET STREET.

Slowly the old buildings which link the London of to-day with the world of the past are disappearing. The next to go will be the picturesque gabled houses in Fleet Street which escaped destruction by the Great Fire, and have withstood the vicissitudes of more than three centuries. In some respects they are still substantial enough, and might be patched up, but the City Commissioners of Sewers have no appreciation of the antique, and have on sanitary grounds ordered them to be pulled down. The houses are numbers 184 and 185. The one is occupied by a dealer in musical and revolutionary literature, which lies about his shop in an anarchical condition; and the other is tenanted by a purveyor of oysters and refreshments. Although to-day in the centre of the busy life of the Metropolis, these houses were suburban retreats when they were built, 390 years ago. They were mansions in the West End of their day. A century earlier the site on which they stand was described as being in "the suburbs of London." They are among the oldest houses in London, and are the only houses in Fleet Street which survived the Great Fire. They have the overhanging bay-windows, heavy eaves, and pointed gables of the Tudor style. Inside, the rooms are small and the walls show signs of decay, but the wood-work—fine old English oak as hard as ebony, and where not painted as black, with the solidified dust of ages—of the antique staircase and the joistings looks as substantial as if it were worth another hundred years' wear. Although long used as shops, the houses at one time were the habitations of rich citizens, who from their projecting bay-windows must have looked down on some of the most exciting and stirring scenes in English history.

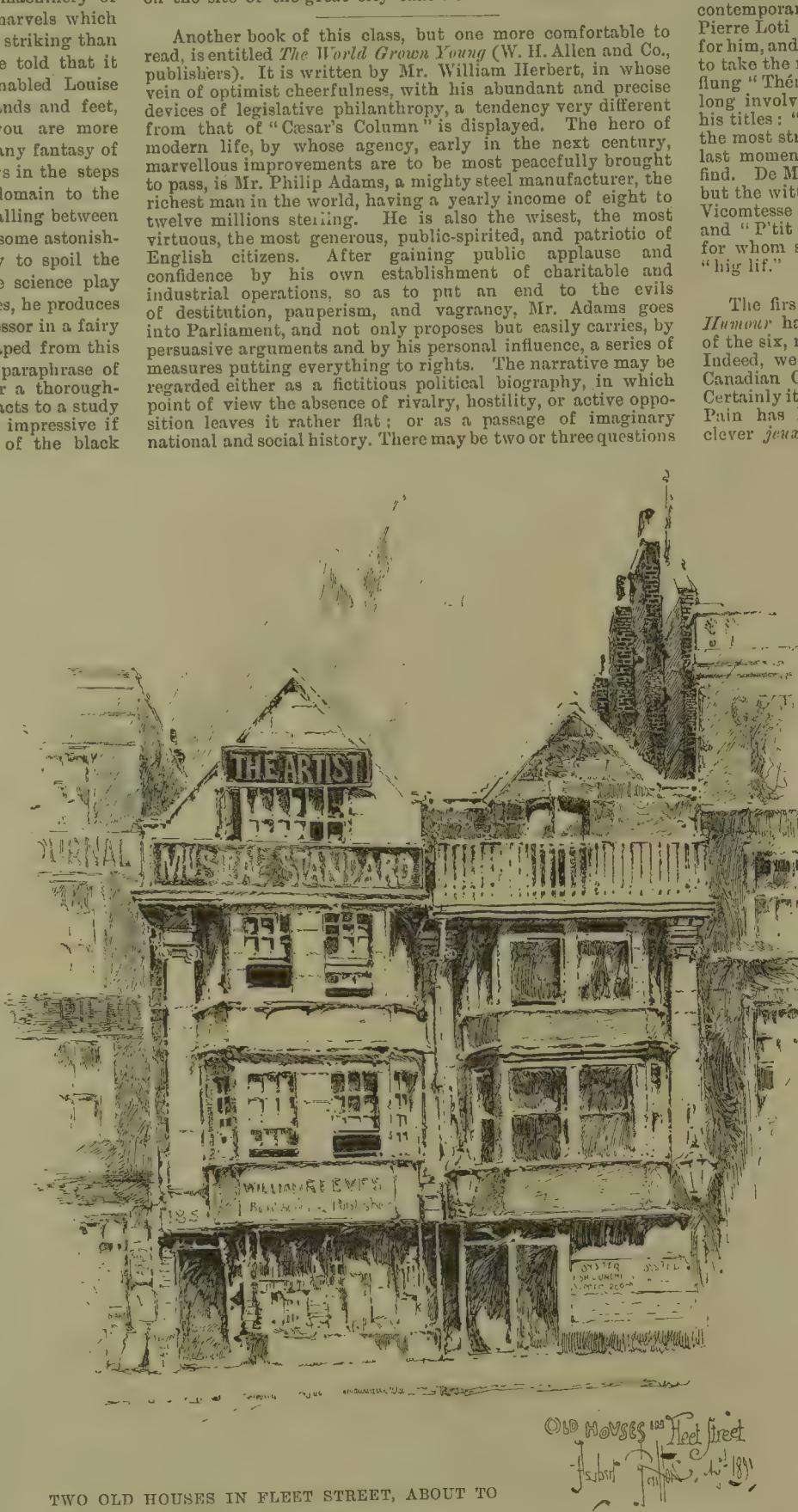
TWO OLD HOUSES IN FLEET STREET, ABOUT TO BE PULLED DOWN.

upon which, for our part, we should feel obliged to vote against Mr. Adams, if we lived in the twentieth century and if we had a seat in the House of Commons or in the London County Council; but many sensible, just, and benevolent men would be disposed to support, with some limitation, his more practicable reforms. Indeed, we can hardly doubt that several of these will be enacted long before that time.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

An important work, called "La Fatica" (Fatigue), has been published by Messrs. Treves, of Milan. It is by Professor Angelo Mosso, who is fast becoming one of the best-known physiologists of his day. The book professes to be nothing more than a study, but it is a most important one. Professor Mosso gives two examples of great intellects who succumbed to fatigue of the brain. The one is Quintino Sella, whose physician he was; the other is Cavour. Quintino Sella's health gave way in consequence of prolonged and excessive fatigue. Cavour, whose temperament was more elastic, used to say that he should give way if he did not at times put his brains out to grass. When this became impossible he died. Professor Mosso declares that the present system of education makes too strong a demand on the youthful brain, and leads to anaemia, dyspepsia, and other cognate diseases; and also, in cases of overwork in later life, to early death or insanity.

M. Guy de Maupassant has been much perturbed lately by the action of a certain Nicolas Brousse, who declared as publicly as he was able, that the author of "Fort comme la Mort" had stolen from him (Brousse) the title, if not the idea, of his novel from a short story entitled "Plus fort que la Mort," written by him last spring. M. de Maupassant has taken the trouble to write to the papers denying the allegation, and points out, with justice, that, if fault there be anywhere, the plagiarism cannot be his, as "Fort comme la



MR. CRONIN'S DREAM.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

"Dear Sir—In the course of investigations for another purpose, we have met with two sums of money standing to the credit of the late Mr. John Cronin, in a public department, and, if you are his executor, we shall have much pleasure in conducting the necessary legal formalities on your behalf.

"Awaiting your instructions, we remain, yours truly,
"HOLT AND HICKS."

An old man held this letter under the lamp. His hand trembled, and the long thin spectacles looked as if they would slip from the short nose. A few locks were drawn across the bald skull, he wore a high collar, and the cravat that tied it was of the fashion of forty years ago. Broken and crippled furniture leaned against the walls, shrank into the corners, and the insignificant wall-paper, laden with portraits of race-horses, contrasted strangely with a number of Japanese bronzes. The lamp was antique, and in its smoky light he examined the letter. Then, as if not daring to lay the letter down, he sought in his breast-pocket, bringing from it another letter. It was this second letter that conveyed the news that the money in question had been placed in the funds in the beginning of the century, and amounted now to more than a hundred thousand pounds. A knock was heard at the door. He knew it was the servant coming to lay the cloth for his dinner, and hurriedly put the letters away and pretended to be engrossed in examination of the lamp. This duplicity was the result of shame. He was ashamed that old Joseph should catch him in the little weakness of reading letters every word of which they both knew by heart. For since the beginning of the week, whenever master met servant, the great good fortune that had come to them had been discussed. Old Joseph had been the late Mr. Cronin's valet, and the present owner of Cronin Castle had inherited him with the castle and the various unfinished buildings which preceding generations had raised about it. Old Joseph made some half-audible observation about the impossibility of getting such lamps to burn, and Mr. Cronin congratulated himself on having deceived this wary old servant, who, from long habit, divined his master's thoughts with a precision that was often irritating. But when Mr. Cronin looked again at the servant's face, he thought he could see that Joseph knew very well he had been reading the letters, and had hurriedly pushed them into his pocket. But in ignorance and in knowledge Joseph's face preserved an equal impassibility; he was a taciturn old servant, who prided himself in knowing everything and saying nothing of what he knew. With methodical care he placed on the table the chicken that during life had starved in a peasant's hovel, and in death had been scorched and dried before a smoky turf fire, and he stood behind his master's chair as ceremoniously as if a dozen guests were present. No word was spoken, but when Mr. Cronin smiled across the table Joseph understood the smile to mean that few more such dinners would be eaten in Cronin Castle. At the end of the meal Joseph brought the whisky and the water from the sideboard and placed them on the table; he took down his master's long clay pipe, placing it and the jar of tobacco within easy reach of his master's hand. Mr. Cronin filled his pipe, thinking how pleasantly the evening would pass in the perusal of the solicitor's letters, and the moment Joseph left the room he read them again and again. And, sitting by the fire smoking, he pondered hour after hour on their significance. There could be no doubt that the money lay in the funds in his father's name and that it would soon come into his possession—in a few days, in a few weeks at most... But just as day fades into twilight, the happiness that had long lain upon his face faded, and his face darkened until it expressed the apprehension that was astir within him. For he began to realise what this money meant in his life. It meant change. He had long desired change, but change had been so long coming that he felt a little afraid of it. And there was reason for fear.

The Cronin family, like many another Irish family, had suffered from an obsession of architecture. It had seemed a paramount duty to three generations of Cronins to raise about the old feudal castle, which had come down to them out of the night of time, such a modern house as would become the lineal descendants of Irish kings. It was the great-grandfather of the present owner who had conceived the first idea of a Gothic house built on the lines of the original castle. He had begun by erecting a tower, and this beginning had considerably embarrassed his son, a man of taste, who had travelled widely and had returned home with a very distinct idea how a modern house might be added to the old castle. Unfortunately, this man's ideas were so fastidious and difficult of execution that he had not been able to proceed further than the outer walls. And in his turn this man's son had thought lightly of his father's undertaking. He had not travelled in Italy and Asia Minor, nor did his tastes incline towards mullioned windows and groined arches. He was a sportsman, and it had occurred to him that he might contribute his share to the glory of the Cronins by building such stables and rickety as would be suitable to the house which his father had designed, and which his son would surely finish. And behind the Gothic walls now falling into ruins wide spaces had been covered with stables and courtyards; endless grey limestone had been scattered in various projects, garden-walls, granaries, even rude arches, the intention of which was not apparent, and hardly any one line of building had been completed. These ruins represented the life labours and dreams of three generations of Cronins, and in them had been lost the humble dream of the present John Cronin, who had desired neither Gothic windows nor a hundred stables, but

merely marriage with his neighbour's daughter, beautiful Alice Maitland.

But her father had forbidden the marriage. Hardly was the late John Cronin laid in the grave than the bankruptcy of the estate was declared to be inevitable, and the present owner had lived all his life believing, with the failure of each potato crop, that ruin had at length overtaken him and that the ancestral estates would pass out of his hands. But in a moment all he had believed to be most real had been proved false, and he now sat, a man of seventy—whose hair and beard were white—looking into the fire, thinking of the architect he should employ and the time it would take to build the monster mansion that his ancestors had designed. And when all the arches and all the terraces were accomplished he would have to give fêtes, dinner-parties, and balls, and he thought of the crowds that would throng his staircases. Until now he had not understood the real meaning of the letters he held in his hand, and in the silence of the night his responsibilities grew heavier and more painfully distinct. He thought of the passionate loneliness he had lived through, and all the vain hopes that he and she had cherished. They had grown old together; they had waited too long; desire was dead in their hearts. Ah! if this money had come forty years, thirty years, twenty years—ay! ten years ago—they might have been happy. He would have built the house his forefathers had dreamed, he would have built it for her, but now, seventy years of age, feeble in health, weary in mind, of what use was wealth since it could not give them their vanished youth?

Sorrow kept him awake a long while, but at last sleep began to lie heavy upon his eyelids, and he saw for a last time the pictures of the racehorses that had robbed him of her; and he thought of the great walls and windows now standing

not ever been the simple-hearted who choose best what is truest and most desirable in life?

And through all the long hours of the moon the old man sat by the side of his beloved wife. But when the moon withered like a leaf, and the hills became rugged and desolate on the first light of day, the sleeper's breathing grew heavier, and the face and form of Alice Maitland passed from him, sensation of her grew numb, sinking at last into irrevocable death.

Through the grey dawn he sat, growing cold, and when Joseph came in the morning all was over. The old servant laid his hand on his master's, looked into his face, and knew he was dead. The letter the servant held dropped upon the floor. Joseph looked again at the dead, and, picking up the letter, examined it. He could see it was from Holt and Hicks, and, as his thoughts detached themselves, he wondered if it were a confirmation of the wonderful inheritance, or regret that, upon examination, they had discovered that John Cronin, who had left so much money in the funds, was not an Irishman but a Scotchman, or perchance some Irish-American, nowise related to the Cronins of Cronin Castle. The old servant thought, if the news were such, that it were well his master had died; but otherwise he thought it were indeed a pity.

In this the old servant was wrong. The dream had been dreamed, and no dream may be dreamed twice over.

BURSTING OF A SHIP'S GUN.

The disaster on board H.M.S. *Cordelia*, on a cruise among the islands of the Pacific Ocean, by the bursting of a six-inch breech-loading gun in firing practice, on June 29, at sea, between the Fiji Islands and New Caledonia, was noticed at the time of the news by telegraph. It cost six lives, those of Lieutenant W. P. Hillyar, R.N., Lieutenant G. M. Gordon, Royal Marines, and four seamen; twelve other men were wounded. Six rounds had been fired from the gun, which was of a recent improved pattern, and had appeared quite sound till the seventh firing. Its bursting, loaded with a common shell, had a tremendous effect, shaking the ship from stem to stern, and large pieces of iron flew in all directions.

The foretopgallant lift to the royal yard was cut. The breech-block and a large portion of the gun-carriage were hurled across the deck, the upper deck was burst through, and part of the gun-carriage was blown down into the maindeck. The force of the explosion may be inferred from the fact that fragments of the shattered gun fell into the sea hundreds of yards away to starboard. After the explosion the *Cordelia* proceeded to Sydney. A photograph of the remains of the gun, by Mr. W. A. Hall, Sydney, is reproduced in our Engraving.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A question which has long exercised some well-wishers of the Church and of theology is beginning to be put in influential quarters. Is it really desirable that great scholars should be made bishops? No doubt Durham and all England gained much by Dr. Lightfoot's promotion; but there were terrible drawbacks, chief among them his shortened life. His successor, Dr. Westcott, has issued a volume of essays, intimating that they are fragments of a design formed early in life, and apparently abandoning all hope of future literary work. Does, then, it may well be asked, a writer die when a bishop is consecrated? The whole question needs serious consideration.

Ten thousand pounds has been collected for the Liddon Memorial. The fund is administered by the council of Keble College, who have selected two students from other colleges, both first-class men, alike in the final *Lit. Hum.* school and theology. It was hoped to raise £20,000, but the result is not, on the whole, unsatisfactory.

A correspondent writes to the *Times* to complain that clerical efficiency in English churches on the Continent is far below what it was fifty years ago. "Good preachers are few and far between. It would be invidious to specify places; but I have been painfully struck by the very poor figure our dear old Church cuts in respect of her clerical representatives in important towns where I have chanced to spend my Sundays during recent visits to Italy."

St. John's men will hear with gratification that a portrait of the Rev. J. E. B. Mayor, Professor of Latin, has been placed in the hall of the college of which he has been so long an ornament.

Bishop Wilkinson, writing from Eastbourne, acknowledges an illuminated address sent him by the general Chapter of Truro Cathedral. The address received the signatures of all the canons, and bears witness to the Bishop's devotion and self-denial. Dr. Wilkinson replies that "the trial of separation from you all is, if possible, greater than ever."

That venerable and indefatigable controversialist, Archdeacon Denison, has been using the pulpit of Wells Cathedral to deliver a series of sermons upon or against "Lux Mundi."

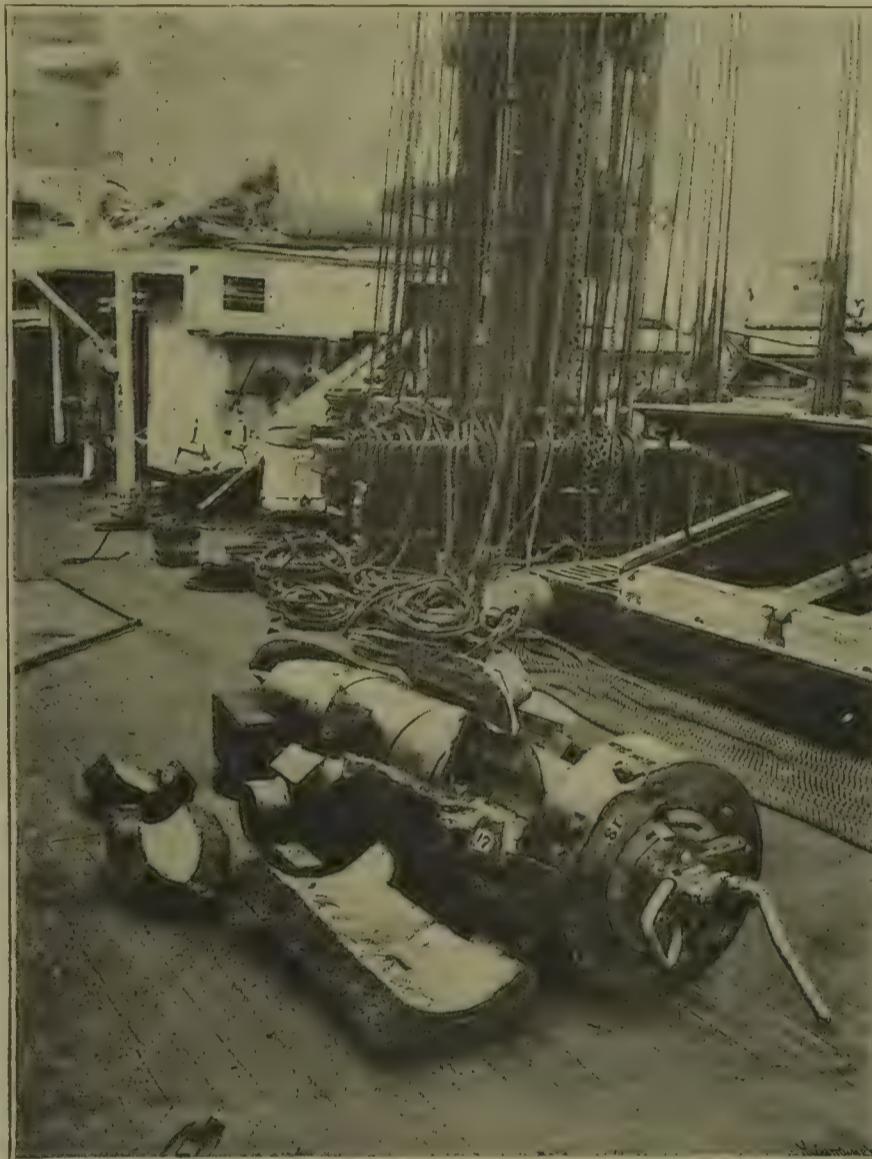
The Master of the Temple is now the Senior Doctor in Divinity at Cambridge. He was admitted to the degree by royal mandate in 1845. Considering his years, he is still vigorous, and in distributing the prizes at the Cathedral School, Llandaff, the other day, he said that *encouragement* was his favourite word in reference to education; for what a power it was to be able to encourage—put the heart into—boy or man!

The Rector of Croyland appeals for funds to preserve the historic remains of the Benedictine Monastery of Croyland, in the Lincolnshire fens. The sum of £1500 is required, he says, if Croyland Abbey is to be saved from utter collapse.

Although the Bishop of Chester has returned to the palace at Chester much benefited in health after his recent attack of influenza, he is not yet in a condition to resume his diocesan duties.

Dr. Vaughan is confined to his bed at the Deanery, Llandaff, by a feverish chill. He is compelled to abandon the triennial meeting of his former students for ordination, which has been announced for the first two days of September at Trinity College, Cambridge; and he was unable on Aug. 23 to preach at Llandaff Cathedral the special sermon announced in connection with the visit of the British Association to Cardiff.

The first wife of the late Dean of Bristol was a granddaughter of Principal Robertson, the celebrated historian.—V.



THE BURST GUN ON BOARD H.M.S. CORDELIA.



THE FRENCH SQUADRON AT PORTSMOUTH: INSPECTION BY THE QUEEN.

A NEW SHAKSPERE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The following letter, from a nephew who has been unsuccessful in an Army Examination, explains itself, and contains a modest proposal:—

The Rev. Mr. Feeder's.

Cramton, Aug. 13.

My dear Uncle,—You seem to write a good deal in the papers. Our fellows consider it rather low, unless you are on the staff of the *Pink Un*, but they think you may do us some good. You know I am cramming here, and they examine us in history and Shakspere, and all sorts of skittles. Well, Marlborough, or Lord Wolseley, or one of those swells, said that all the English history he knew was from Shakspere. I'd like to see him try that now; why, he would be spun like a bird. You see, the thing is that Shakspere's history is all wrong—at least, so the new writers say. The more you know your Shakspere the more awful howlers you go in History, and the better up in Stubbs and Johnny Green and Gardiner you are, the more muckers you are bound to come in Shakspere. Now we think it is high time that either Green and Co. were brought into harmony with Billy, or vice versa. We have, therefore, taken up "Richard III," and I send you a sketch of how it might go; not a whole play, but just a sketch. If you know Mr. Irving you might get him to act it this way, and educate the examiners. Our version is more in accordance with modern culture and the needs of the age, and I daresay Shakspere would have written it more like this if he were on the job at present. Under a Tudor monarch, as old Feeder says (he is a son of Feeder who was at Blimber's, as you may remember), Shakspere had to give the Court version of history. We have put it right, like in Gardiner and Clements Markham and the *Historical Review*—especially Markham. If this satisfies examiners we'll do "Henry VIII" à la Froude, and "Antony and Cleopatra" like Rider Haggard and Sardou, for Shakspere's local colour is awfully thin, and so on with the rest. We have

At Sandwich—Mr. Clements Markham proves—
Was I; perchance pursued the devious ball,
And in the Maiden Bunker came to grief,
Or if not so, I know not what I did,
Or what foul fiend could take a man to Sandwich.
LADY ANNE: Never hung poison on a fouler toad!
GLOSTER:
Nay, hear me swear a good mouth-filling oath
That I can prove a perfect alibi.
Listen, from this "Historical Review,"
Put forth by Master Longman, in the Row,
I'll prove me sackless of that monstrous deed!

LADY ANNE: A monstrous deal of sack!
GLOSTER: Nay, mock me not!
For Mr. Clements Markham makes it plain
That on the fatal day I was afar
From Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame.
'Tis true that Mr. Samuel Gardiner
Has put the matter in another light:
A question 'tis of dates, but what are they?
Myself am strong on Clements Markham's side; [Aside.
Yet Mrs. Markham tells another tale!]
LADY ANNE: "Samivel, a halibi." This likes me well!
GLOSTER: Then, then, we may consider ourselves engaged?
LADY ANNE: Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!
[Exit LADY ANNE and CORPSE.]

SCENE III.

Enter KING EDWARD, led in sick (sic).

KING EDWARD:
Alas! 'twas aye my lamentable custom
To make the cold-baked meats to furnish forth
The wedding breakfast! Widows were my bane.
Still fast on one I wooed another widow,
And all the while was wedded to Another.
None knew but the Archbishop: thus my sons,
These thrice unhappy children in the Tower,

GHOSTS OF RIVERS, VAUGHAN, GREY, and a Number of OTHER GHOSTS:

We come to offer our apologies,
And to regret that we were much misled
By Rumour, painted full of fiery tongues.
'Tis true there was a lot of killing done,
And Massacre made merry round the throne.
But liars were the Tudor chroniclers,
Especially the lewd Archbishop Morton.
GLOSTER: It was not I who did the thing ye wot of
GHOST: Apparently it was not! Fare ye well!
GLOSTER: Richard's himself again! Now to the field!
A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!
For there's no way of getting over it,
That, after doing prodigies of valour,
Myself was foully slain on Bosworth Field.
Unless, indeed, 'tis I was Perkin Warbeck!
A view not broached by Mr. Clements Markham,
Yet tenable, at least, in magazines,
And among modern speculations:
A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!
[Exit fighting.—Curtain.]

This (my nephew ends) is the kind of way we would rewrite Shakspere, so as not to get mixed up with history but put the matter clearly, with the latest authorities. It's a rattling good part for Irving, but there's not much left for Miss Terry.

SELECTED DESIGN FOR THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM BUILDINGS.

Government has recently taken a step that will be generally appreciated by public opinion. The unworthy entrance to the South Kensington Museum, and the unsightly collection of sheds which have been so long an eyesore, will be removed,



SELECTED DESIGN FOR COMPLETION OF THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

kept up the *style*, bad puns and all, as Shakspere was the Burnand of his period.

This is how it goes, and you might get it into one of your papers. If you are paid for it, of course you will forward the off:—

RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.—London: A Street.

Enter GLOSTER (Reading "The Historical Review").

GLOSTER:

I am a very personable man,
And did not cut my teeth ere I was born,
Still less can be described as "half made up."
My hump-back is a myth; mine evil deeds
Were falsehoods by Archbishop Morton coined,
Paid for by Richmond, put in currency
By that detested caitiff, Thomas More.

Enter CLARENCE.

GLOSTER: Brother, good day! Thou canst not say I did it!

CLARENCE:

There is a certain buzzing in my wits:
The new historians distract my mind,
Yet was I Clarence once, and bore a brain.

GLOSTER (aside):

Wiser, perchance, if thou hadst brained a Boar!
But, hist! I am a moral character.

I ask thee, who was guilty?

CLARENCE: I know not, but—

GLOSTER:

But me no buts! That butt of Malmsey wine
Is an exploded fable.

CLARENCE: Certainly.

Yet, somehow, I was foully done to death,
Unhoused, unanointed, unanealed.

GLOSTER:

'Twas Richmond, 'twas false, fleeting, perjured Richmond!

[Exit CLARENCE.]

SCENE II.

Enter THE CORPSE OF HENRY VI. and LADY ANNE.

LADY ANNE:

Rest you while I lament my Henry's corpse,
While I adore my Henry's holy shade!

GLOSTER:

I did not kill your husband; on the day
Of our late King's deplorable demise
I was not in the Tower, was out of town:

Are, to speak plainly, illegitimate.
Thou wilt not slay them, Gloster?

GLOSTER: Fear me not!

My title, the "Historical Review"

Assures me, is writ plain: there is no need

That I should smother children in the Tower.

'Twas Richmond did it! Mr. Clements Markham,

In spite of the Croyland Continuator,

Has made this view extremely plausible, [Aside.

But Mrs. Markham tells another tale!]

KING EDWARD: Bless thee; but I feel poorly and would go.

[KING EDWARD is led out, sick.]

SCENE IV.—Enter HASTINGS.

HASTINGS:

Come, lead me to the block! 'Tis falsely said

That, ere he tried me, Richard had my head!

GLOSTER:

Exactly! The "Historical Review"

And Mr. Clements Markham vouch for it.

Thou, Hastings, hadst due trial of thy peers,

And so, farewell, a plunger wert thou ever;

Yet could I better spare a better man!

[HASTINGS is led to the block.]

SCENE V.—Enter DIGHTON and FORREST.

DIGHTON:

It is a very palpable relief.

To learn, my Forrest, that we never smothered

(At all events, not in King Richard's time),

The most replenished, sweet work of Nature

These everlasting babes within the Tower!

FORREST: Nay; it was Henry VII. who bade us smother?

GLOUCESTER: What! wed a Princess and work off her brother!

[Exit DIGHTON and FORREST.]

SCENE VI.—Enter GHOSTS.

GHOST OF PRINCE EDWARD:

Let me not sit upon thy soul to-morrow.

I do misdoubt me 'twas another's hand

That stabbed me in the field at Tewkesbury!

GHOST OF HENRY VI.:

When I was mortal, my anointed body

By someone was punched full of deadly holes.

But who that puncher is who punched with care

Is, bless us all! a very different thing.

and façades worthy of the importance of our national collection will shortly be commenced. Our Illustration of the design by Mr. Aston Webb, the architect appointed, shows the fronts both in the Exhibition Road and the Cromwell Road. Internally there are large Oriental and European and other courts, galleries, and annexes, which are lighted from the top. The design presents something of the beauty of the Romanesque style, and at the same time has decided individuality of conception. The angle pavilions and domes are well arranged, and form a combination of imposing character. The central tower will have a good effect in grouping with its neighbours, the lofty single tower of the Imperial Institute, and the coupled towers of the Natural History Museum. In the construction of the towers and of the end pavilions it is proposed to introduce red brick, while the remainder of the building would be of buff terra-cotta, except a band of those materials employed together, serving to unite the parts of the building as a whole. The main entrance, under the central tower, would lead into a large hall, at the upper end of which is the grand staircase to the libraries; to the right and left of this hall are the top-lighted European Courts, beyond which, to the west, are the Oriental Courts and galleries; to the east, the department of students' work, and the existing Museum buildings. The first floor is occupied with galleries and offices for the European and Oriental departments, the Oriental galleries being 32 ft. wide, and there will be large wall-space, for architectural exhibits, in the Oriental Court. The domed roof of this Court, and the pavilion domes, on the second floor, will be decorated in the Arabian or other appropriate style. The total cost of the proposed buildings is estimated at £420,000. Mr. Aston Webb, whose design was selected from the competition, has been commissioned to superintend the construction, which will occupy several years.

Over thirty-five tons of documents deposited at the Public Record Office have just been destroyed, as of no value.

The relic called the "Holy Coat" was exhibited on Aug. 20 for the first time since 1844, in a glass case, in the cathedral at Trèves. Over a hundred priests took part in the celebration of the Mass, and their gorgeous vestments, contrasting with the surplices of the choir and the scarlet uniforms of the Knights of Malta, who form the Guard of Honour, contributed to make a brilliant spectacle. The Bishop, Dr. Korum, delivered an address, in which he spoke of Christ's seamless vesture as a symbol of the unity of the Catholic Church.

THE AFRICAN NATIVE CHOIR.

Ten weeks have passed since the Kaffrarian Singers landed in England, and they have, by performances of genuine merit, gained a position as first-class vocalists, stood the test of criticism, and are rapidly winning public favour. With remarkable intelligence, with sweet voices and weird expressive melody, with interesting looks, graceful manners and deportment, and with a set purpose of benefiting their country and their race, they



MR. PAUL XINIWE.

keys, to learn, privately, the art of telegraphy. I surprised the master and clerks one day by telling them that I could work the instrument, and, to dispel their serious doubts, went through the feat to their great astonishment, but, happily, also, to the pleasure of my master. After three years' service I left the post of lineman, quitted Graaff Reinet, and was employed on the railway construction as telegraph clerk, time-keeper, and storekeeper: a highly respectable and responsible post for a native to hold. When I left school and home I only had a little knowledge of the 'three R's'; but I was assiduous in improving my learning and seeking to qualify myself for a higher position. I had now earned a good sum of money on the railway, as well as a good name, as the testimonials I hold from there could show. Still desirous of greater improvement, I went to Lovedale, and held the office of telegraphist also in that institution, which helped me to pay my college fees. I stayed there two years, and passed the Government teachers' examination, being one of only two who passed from the institution out of twenty-two candidates presented. I then took charge of a school at Port Elizabeth, which I kept for four years, and which I gave up to carry on business at King William's Town, until the period of my joining the 'African Choir.'

Mrs. Paul Xiniwe, the wife of this gentleman, is a young, lady-like, native woman, the regularity of whose features, despite her sable complexion, vies with most European faces, and who has dignified and rather stately manners.

Another lady of the party is Miss Makhomo Manye, the best linguist in the choir, speaking and writing five languages—namely, English, Boer Dutch, High Dutch, Amaxosa Kaffir, and Basuto, her own language. She is a young woman of the Basuto nation, born at Blinkwater, in the district of Fort Beaufort, on April 7, 1871; and this is her story—

"My father is a Basuto of the Transvaal, and my mother an Umbo, the people commonly known as Fingos. Both are Christians of the Independent Church; my father is a local preacher of that church. I was brought up at Uitenhage and at Port Elizabeth, where I got my schooling under efficient teachers, who passed me through the Government requirements of mission schools. My parents being unable to send me to one of the girls' high schools, I therefore had to stay and work under mistresses. We left Port Elizabeth and came to Kimberley, where, after two years or a little more, I was engaged as an assistant teacher and sewing mistress in a Wesleyan Government-aided school; there I served for a year. During my stay there, a Government inspector visited our

Basutoland for Lovedale, travelling day and night; I slept for a few hours till the moon came out, and then pursued my course, till I reached my destination in eleven days, the whole distance being about 400 miles. At Lovedale I received both education and civilisation; then one day, in March 1886, the principal of the college received a telegram from Kimberley to say that there was a vacancy in the office there for an honest, educated young man. I was sent to fill up the vacancy, and I remained there till the end of March 1891, when I received an esteemed offer from



MR. JOSIAH SEMOUSE.

the manager of the African Choir to join the choir for England. We left Kimberley on April 10, and called at several towns as we proceeded. On May 20 we embarked at Capetown in the Warwick Castle; during the first two days we were sea-sick, but I was the first one to get over it, and I became a general servant of the choir till they all got better. I had a pleasant voyage till we landed on the English shore on June 13. In England, I was very much surprised by many things. The trains running at the tops of the houses in London, much faster than railway trains do in South Africa, especially struck my notice. Wandering about this big city, which seems endless, I admired St. Paul's Cathedral and the Houses of Parliament; I have visited the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, the Zoological Gardens, the Crystal Palace, and other places. What I have seen here is more than all I had ever heard of before. I am the correspondent of a Basuto paper, but I doubt whether its readers will believe the reports in my writing, as everything is so wonderful here."

We feel confident that the above simple and truthful statements, in very fair English, from the pens of members of the African Native Choir, will command respect for themselves individually, and will gain substantial aid for wise efforts to improve the general condition of their race. It must be observed that as the facilities for educating the natives in South Africa are so small in comparison with their vast numbers, and as the disparity of condition between the educated and uneducated is so great, the educated too often fail to see the dignity of industrial labour. The promoters of the African Choir are



MRS. PAUL XINIWE.

school, and gave a favourable report of its condition; he spoke in high terms of the lower section, which was under my supervision. During my time of service in the above school, we had local concerts, in which I was the conductor's assistant and leading voice. I resigned, through unavoidable circumstances, and joined the African Choir."

Miss Johanna Jonkers, despite her Dutch name, is of pure Zulu race, being the daughter of parents who were taken from Zululand by the Boers. She narrates the family history in her own way—

"The little I know of my parents is that they were taken captives by the Dutch when they were about twelve years of age. They were badly treated by the Dutch, till it happened that some good friends pitied my mother, and advised her to go to the town, where she might hear everything about the law. So she did go to Burghersdorp, but was afraid to go into the town, and she was waiting outside when she met a gentleman who passed her three times that day. At last he spoke to her, and bade her come to his house. She went with him, and told him, as she reached the house, that she came from a farm-house where the Dutch people were very hard and cruel to her. The new friends who now received her, being very sorry to hear her sad story, took good care of her, and she stayed with them till she got married, and had a happy life. I was born there, at Burghersdorp; my parents were Christians."

The following is the statement of Mr. Josiah Semouse, whom the Queen specially asked to see, having heard that he had once fought against British troops—

"I was born in 1860, at Mkoothong, in what is now known as one of the conquered territories (Basutoland). My parents being Christian people, I was naturally so brought up; I first attended school at a small village called Korokoro, where my father was appointed local preacher, and there I learnt to read and write my own language. Then I went to the Morija training institution, about thirty-six miles from my home. I heard from a native teacher that there is a school in Cape Colony, called Lovedale, which is famous for the practical knowledge that it imparts to its pupils. But, a few months after, war broke out between Basutoland and the Cape Colony about the order of disarmament. I took part against the British during this war, but I was not happy, because I did not know the English language then. When this war was over, which was decided in our favour, I left



MISS MAKHOMO MANYE.

to go there alone, without any knowledge of the road, or of any person there; but I got there in three days, travelling on horseback. The officer in charge at Graaff Reinet found my handwriting better than that of the European clerks, and, in consequence, gave me his books to keep, with additional pay, and any amount of liberty in and about the office. This was a privilege which I highly valued and turned to the best advantage by studying the code-books, taking them home to pore over them at night, and coming to the office about two hours before opening time, as I kept the



MISS JOHANNA JONKERS.

therefore of opinion that in building technical colleges, and in teaching manual handicrafts, with household work, cookery, nursing, and other useful occupations, the greatest benefit may be conferred on the natives. It is hoped, by interesting the British public in the social and material progress of South Africa, that sufficient money may be raised to establish such industrial and technical trade schools. We cordially recommend this object to public support.

Our portraits are from photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, London.



A MANIPUR DANCING PARTY.

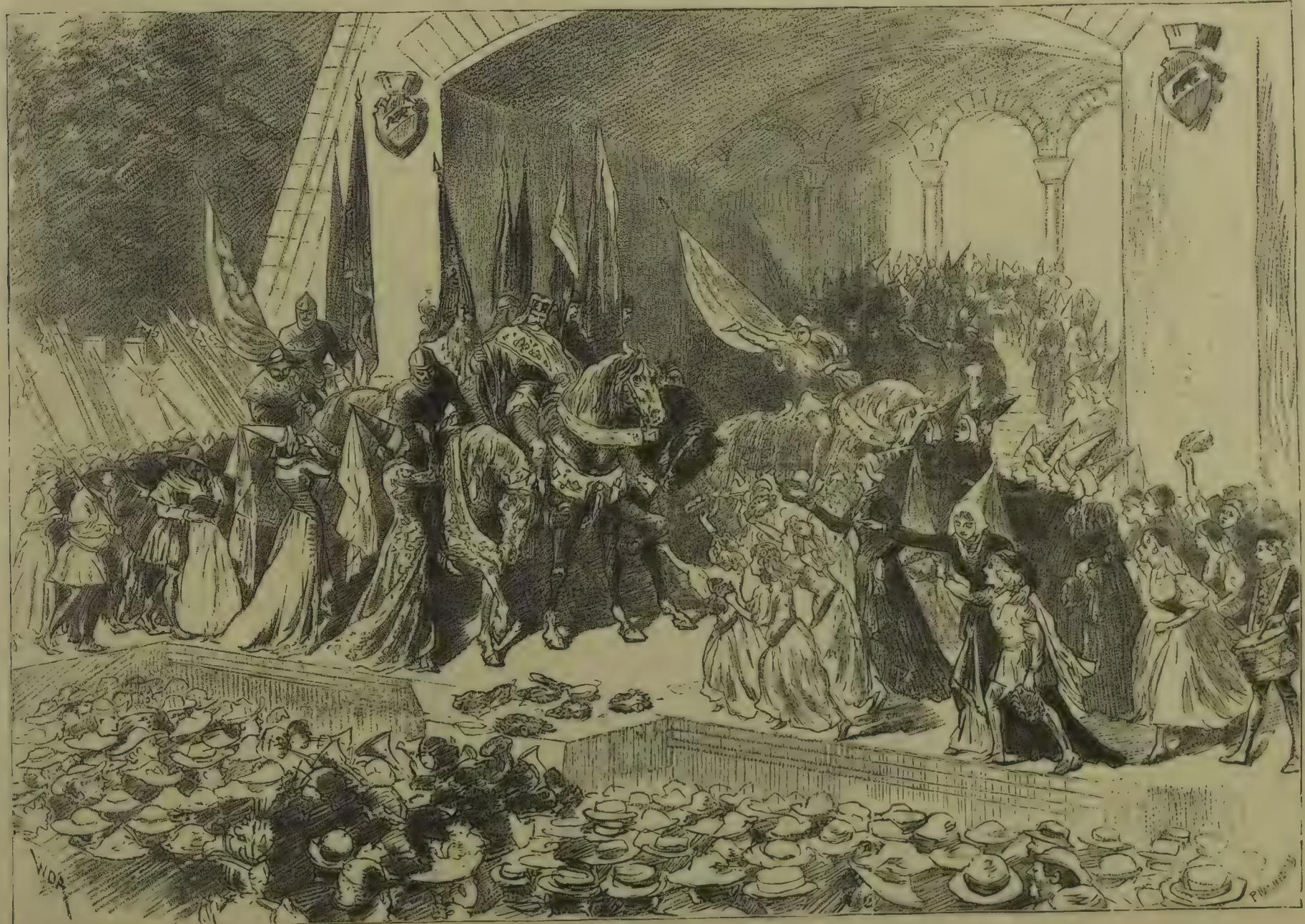
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SURGEON A. G. E. NEWLAND.



VALPARAISO, THE CHIEF COMMERCIAL CITY OF CHILE.



THE FURIEUX, ONE OF THE FRENCH SQUADRON UNDER ADMIRAL GERVAIS AT PORTSMOUTH.



FESTIVAL OF THE SEVEN-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF BERNE: THE HISTORICAL PLAY.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ROBUST WRITING.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

There was a time, within the recollection of living men, when fine ladies sought to be graceful through an affectation of physical weakness. Most women of fashion would rather have incurred the suspicion of naughtiness than the reproach of being robust, which even to young men of fashion seemed hardly distinguishable from ruffianism. The one sex reclined languidly on sofas whenever they were "at home," wishing to be thought "delicate" ("interesting" was another name for it) above all things; the other, when they came to visit, spent the evenings in a drooping attitude in doorways, by mantelpieces, or against some article of furniture high but not too high. "Dropping to pieces" this attitude was called even by some who practised it in the cause of elegance; and he was esteemed most elegant who most to pieces dropped.

This was the album time in fashionable literature, the day of the "Forget-me-not," "The Bijou," "The Keepsake," and other hot-pressed annuals, in which authoresses languished and authors dropped to pieces, flattering themselves that they had attained to a new and ineffable grace. It was all a mistake, of course, and a mistake from the foundation. There is no true grace, or rather no perfect grace, without strength: strength obviously possessed, though given to repose. In time there was a general perception of this commonplace fact, or perhaps a change of fashion merely; and we are certainly not now in a day of interestingly "delicate" young women and drooping young men. The taste is rather for roughness and rudeness. Robustness of bearing, of sentiment, of language, is much more the thing. A little while ago, indeed, the departure from the manners of fifty years since had gone so far that survivors from that period, who yet were no Chesterfields, could reasonably complain of advancing brutality. It did not come to that, however; and there are signs of a return to a happy mean between the two affectations.

So of manners and conversation; but not quite so of literature, or certain forms of it. The swarming products of the age include an extraordinary output of critics. Amongst these, whose every tenth word is "art," there still lingers a style of writing quite as feeble and female as any to be found in the old "Bijou" annuals, and incomparably more affected. This sickness—loathly in more ways than one—is happily declining; but as it declines, and perhaps as its natural consequence, another taste seems to be coming in: a fashion not unlike the revulsion to rudeness that followed after the delicate and "dropping to pieces" period in the history of the manners of the century. Of tameness there has certainly been enough; enough of the spiritless "journalese" that has infected and dejected and impoverished every form of speech, whether in books or letter-writing or word-of-mouth converse; more than enough, too, of the yearning he-she style of the swarms of minor poets and the swarm of minor critics and palaverers of "Art." Revolt from all this is good and wholesome; but not so sudden and complete a revolt as that of the travelled African who had no sooner landed on his native shore, after seven years' residence in the bosom of Civilisation, then he threw off every Western rag to wade into barbarism. "Let us be robust! Let us be vigorous! In Heaven's name, let us assert our virility!" This is a rising cry, and some are eagerly casting off the garments of conventionality (as the returned African prince called his coat and trousers) in order to dance more freely to the tune. It is all well intended, but there is a mistake here also, as we may see by a great deal that has come into print of late. The literature of the time—the poetry, the transcript from life that we call novel-writing, much that is known as criticism, and so forth—may be soft, evasive, mealy-mouthed, and even hypocritical; but to cure the evil it is not necessary to go back at a bound to the savagaries of the natural man. The drawing-room dandy who confounded the robust with ruffianism cried miserably; but he is at least as much in error who thinks to cultivate the robust by putting on the swagger and excess of it which is robustness or ruffianism. Violence is no proof of vigour, nor does vigour come (if we are dealing with literature) of choosing themes of violence and frankly dipping the descriptive pen in gore. How much and how often that has been done of late is known to all Mr. Mudie's subscribers, and also how much it has been applauded for its "virility" by public writers who find that a way of asserting their own breezy manliness.

But supposing the applause sincere, what of the manliness, truly? There is as much in the woman who screams her "delight of battle" at a bull-fight. The enjoyment that we have in Mr. Rider Haggard's hot-pots is not a manly enjoyment, and when we read a second time those passages of his in which he describes the burning of the corpses for torches, we are urged to do so by the beast in every human breast, and it is for the brute's pleasure that the second reading is undertaken. The "yawping" of Mr. Whitman from his "Leaves of Grass" was recognised, when first heard in this country, as the very voice of that same beast, awfully articulate; the effect of it being to strike the listener dumb. But now there are imitations of it (of a restrained and warbling sort) on account of its vigour, its robust manliness, its convention-spurning virility; while minds broader and more fruitful than that of clever Mr. Haggard are drawn by the same relapsing superstition to write of carnage and cruelty in such a way that brave Colonel Newcome could not have endured to read a page of it. Let us be manly by all means; but rather more in the gallant Colonel's way, who could fight and kill men at need and yet be what we know he was. Robust thought is a crying want of the time; and robust English is so much of a rarity that blessed be he, say I, who speaks and writes it. But there can be no doubt of this: robustness is too often mistaken for the genuine article just now—a swagger of roughness, of rudeness, of brutality even, which is no more acceptable for vigour of style than Rosa Matilda's outpourings in "The Amulet" were for sweetness. It is well intended, no doubt; its promptings are good; as revolt from its opposite it is admirable; but it is offensive to the very thing which it erroneously believes itself to be.

ST. OLAVE'S CHURCH, OLD JEWRY.

Another of the old City churches, that of St. Olave, Old Jewry, has recently been sold, by order of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to be demolished as useless with the scanty resident population. This small ancient parish is now united with that of St. Margaret, Lothbury, to which have also been

ST. OLAVE'S CHURCH, OLD JEWRY,
ABOUT TO BE PULLED DOWN.

annexed those of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, St. Martin Pomeroy, St. Mildred, Poultry, St. Mary Colechurch, and St. Bartholomew, at the Exchange. A rectory will be built on part of the site of St. Olave's; but some portion of the ground will be taken by the Corporation for the purpose of widening the adjacent court and readjusting the frontage to the street.

NEW PULPIT IN NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

The handsome new stone pulpit in the nave of Norwich Cathedral, presented by Dr. Goulburn, the late Dean of Norwich, immediately adjoins the site of the altar of Bishop Nix's chantry. It is hexagonal in design, the style being Perpendicular. The central panel represents our Lord charging His Apostles to "preach the Gospel to every creature." The panels on each side of it represent our Lord's charge to St. Peter to find His sheep, and His promise to St. Peter and St. Andrew to make them fishers of men. In the fourth panel is St. Paul preaching on Mars Hill. At four of the angles of the hexagon, in canopied niches, are represented the Angels of the four rivers of Paradise. In the niches of the substructure are figures of the twelve Apostles with their emblems, enthroned, and with a fiery tongue sitting upon the head of each. The whole is executed in Caen stone, the sculptures having been sketched for the architects by Mr. J. R. Clayton, and then arranged by them in the clay models prepared by Mr. James Forsyth, of Finchley New Road, Hampstead. The design and all its details are by Messrs. R. Herbert Carpenter, F.S.A., and Benjamin Ingelow, of Carlton Chambers, Regent Street, London, under whose supervision Mr. Forsyth has executed the work.



NEW PULPIT IN NORWICH CATHEDRAL, THE GIFT OF DEAN GOULBURN.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A very interesting piece of research has lately been undertaken by Herr Regel on the influences which affect the odour of flowers and plants. It would seem (as might have been expected, indeed) that light, both directly and indirectly, has a marked influence on the formation and also on the evaporation of etheric oils. When heat and light operate on flowers which are naturally fragrant to a degree, their odour is increased, while, conversely, in the dark, the fragrance almost disappears. In the dark, also, only those buds of a fragrant plant (*Reseda*) which had before been fairly developed yielded fragrant flowers. The other flowers, developing in the dark, were scentless. If the flowers only, and not the whole plant, were darkened, all the flowers developed their characteristic odour. Certain plants illustrate the marked variation in habit which characterises the children of life. Most of us know that certain flowers open at night and are fragrant only when darkness sets in. This is, no doubt, a contrivance specially intended to attract the night-flying moths, by which such flowers are fertilised. But light seems to be as useful for the development of scent in these night-openers as in the normal day-scenting plants. Kept in the dark regularly, the night-smellers failed to develop odour, and lost their starch as well, this last being a sure guarantee that the vital powers of the plants were affected. Returned to the light, their powers of making odours and starch returned in due season.

Herr Regel also found that the respiration of the plants had a distinct effect upon their fragrance. It may be news to most people, not professed botanists, that plants breathe as do animals. Respiration, or, in plain language, breathing, invariably means the reception of oxygen by the living being, and the exhalation of carbonic acid gas as part and parcel of its waste products. Now, the reverse process, that of taking in carbonic acid gas and the giving off of oxygen, is not respiration but assimilation—in other words, the plant is feeding itself on the carbon of the carbonic acid, which it keeps for food, and returns the oxygen to the atmosphere. This work can only be done by a green plant (mushrooms and their kith and kin have no such power) in the presence of light; so that the labour of taking in its gas-food is one which ceases in a plant at night. On the other hand, respiration or breathing is always going on, by day and by night, in a plant, and the more rapid the growth, the more actively is respiration carried out. Here the plant, like the animal, takes in oxygen to burn up its fats and starches, &c., with the result that (as in the animal) carbonic acid gas is given out. Now, Herr Regel, experimenting on the night-smelling *Nycteria* and *Nicotiana*, enclosed the former in a bell-jar amid oxygen gas. This made no difference, apparently, to its fragrance; but when the plant was placed amid hydrogen gas the flowers did not bloom and no odour was developed. It is further said that while flower-odours are as a rule given off when flowers open, there is no necessary dependence of the one state upon the other. Where a flower attracts insects for fertilising purposes by means of its scent, it is obvious that its opening and the giving forth of its odour must in that case be coincident.

Dr. C. Roberts, well known as an authority on matters relating to physical education, has published, in the course of a recent address, a very interesting table setting forth the relative average weight and height of public-school boys, the general population, idiots and imbeciles, and industrial-school boys respectively. His results are curious and notable. In very early life, or up to the age of four years, and before mental training has begun to influence the children, there is little or no difference to be perceived in weight or height. Then, however, the idiot children begin to lose ground as they grow up. At six years old idiots are $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., at twelve years they are $2\frac{1}{2}$ in., and at eighteen years $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. shorter in height than the general population at corresponding ages. As regards weight, there are still greater differences to be seen. At six years idiots are $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb., at twelve years 6 lb., and at eighteen years $21\frac{1}{2}$ lb., lighter than persons of the same ages belonging to the general population. Then, as compared with public-school boys, idiots at twelve years are $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. and at eighteen years $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. shorter; and as regards weight, at twelve years the idiots are 14 lb. and at eighteen years $30\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lighter than the public-school lads. Dr. Roberts included in his comparisons only idiot children belonging to the better classes; so his results are all the more trustworthy on that account.

As regards the difference between the industrial and the public schools, at (1) six years, (2) twelve years, and (3) eighteen years respectively, we find the results to be (1) nil, (2) $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. and $17\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and (3) nil respectively—that is to say, there are no differences to chronicle between the two classes at six and eighteen years, while there are the differences above noted to be chronicled at twelve years of age. The idiots are found to be less than the general population in stature and weight, at the following rates: at six years by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. and $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; at twelve years by $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. and (to be exact again) by $6\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; and at eighteen years by $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. and $21\frac{1}{2}$ lb. These figures, among a list of others, seem to prove what I fancy nobody thinks of denying nowadays—namely, that physical education, properly conducted, is the very life and soul of all-round vitality. There is, of course, no question that brilliant mental results may be attained by bodies of very feeble physical calibre. But the reverse is just as true, and if we are to choose between robust health, with even a fair show of intellect, and great intellect with a poor show of physique, I scarcely think the world at large will hesitate in its choice.

What the public are at last beginning to see is that regulated physical education has come to be a prime necessity in the training of the young. Education in its later strides is threatening to become just a little overpowering for the ordinary mortal, and the cry which should be raised is that of fewer accomplishments and more regulated play—for this last is what physical education really means and is. The old lady's horror of "gymnastics" (which she thought was a kind of acrobatic entertainment) is not shared by many persons nowadays, and the conventional two-and-a-half saunter of a girls' school is happily becoming a thing of the past. Better that we should have sounder bodies (for our girls especially) even with less intellectual gifts, say I. The greatness of a nation depends quite as much on the perfection of its physique as on its mental gifts—for do not all good things follow upon the possession of perfect health?

DREAMS.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

They tell me that in the libraries at Nineveh and elsewhere among the ruined cities of Mesopotamia there is an enormous literature of dream-books. Everybody was a dreamer among those Babylonians and Assyrians. Men laid themselves down to sleep with the full intention of making a night of it. They gave themselves up to the luxury of seeing sights and hearing sounds which in their waking hours they could not apprehend; the body reposed, the soul went on its travels to the spiritual world. The Chaldean sage was an interpreter of dreams; he was that or nothing. Gentle and simple dreamt profusely, and gentle and simple went to the interpreter to be told what their dreams meant and what they portended. Interpretation of the nightly visions began with empiricism—as every science does. It developed into one of the recognised sciences. It had its axioms, its postulates, its laws, its method, and doubtless it had a calculus of its own. So rich, I am told, is the literature of this science that one of these days we may expect that it will be revived. Beware how you trust to the Gospel of Education to rid you of credulity! Athens swarmed with dreamers, who brought their dreams to the professors of the art of explaining them; The Oneirocritica of Artemidorus has come down to us, and has been learnedly edited more than once: the author was a physician, and his work, in five books, gives us the result of many years of study and research in an age which was by no means barren of culture. Moreover, Artemidorus was not only a learned man and a great traveller, but he was a religious man too, according to his lights, and he solemnly declares that he had a divine mission to write his book on the interpretation of dreams. But he was of yesterday as compared with those Chaldean masters who stabbed their cuneiform lore into the Mesopotamian clay and then sent it to the baker to make into those imperishable tablets. Mr. Cadaverous, who was rather audacious in his views of history, though always reverent, as a man of his temperament could not help being, used to give it as his opinion that when Abraham went forth from Ur of the Chaldees he carried with him some of the mystic lore which he could not but have learnt in the home of his father, Terah; and he was wont to say that the patriarchs were all dreamers, their "unconscious cerebration" having been stimulated by long cultivation of the hypnotic faculty through many generations. He used to instance the case of Joseph as proving that the art of dream-interpretation had not been lost in the patriarchal age, though, he added, it was not until the return to Babylon that we read of any great attention having been bestowed upon the antiquated science. Of course I am not responsible for any opinions expressed by Mr. Cadaverous.

Fifty years ago my father had a groom who was much exercised in his mind on the subject of dreams. He was not a very estimable fellow, and I am afraid he did not teach me much good. He had a small collection of dream-books. Where he got them from I know not, but many a time and oft have I sneaked into the harness-room to pore over those books, and with the omnivorousness (what a beautiful word!) of youth I eagerly devoured them. Alas! I remember little more than the look of them now, but my flesh used very much to creep at one dream which was set down with a horrible vividness. It was the dream of an unhappy visionary who, as he slept, beheld two enormous cats with fiery eyes glaring at a wreath of curling smoke that kept rising from the earth and was for ever changing its form. Suddenly the cloud-like appearance assumed a human shape, and then one cat sprang upon the other cat, and mangling and slaughter supervened, and lo! the smoke was red smoke like unto flame. The book went on to say that this dream was dreamt by Jack somebody or other for three consecutive nights before he murdered Tom somebody else, whom he found with his sweetheart Polly. It was in vain that the slaughtered pair were buried in the same hole, for Jack had dreamt that the cloud of smoke had issued from the bowels of the earth, and that meant that murder will out; and so it came to pass, and Jack was hanged. "Smoke rising from the ground means infallible detection," said the dream-book, "as is evident from the instances given above." Therefore I inferred that when you dream of curling smoke you should avoid following in the steps of Cain!

I am given to understand that dreaming is going out among townsfolk. I suppose that this is to be accounted for from the fact that the townsman's daily life is too full of incident of a certain sort—to be crowded, too argumentative, too noisy, to allow of much dreaming. There is no room for any play of the fancy in the conditions of town life. I believe that among our country folk dreaming is coming in again. I have heard a great deal about people's dreams during the last few years. Country people are not living at the same tension as the dwellers in the streets are. They have a great deal of time on their hands; they are not unused to loneliness; they sleep for much longer hours, they hardly know the taste of gin; they are giving up drinking beer; they quench their thirst with tea, sometimes hot, sometimes cold, and they have leisure for dreaming. The most common dreams of the rustics in East Anglia are what I must call religious dreams. More than once I have been solemnly assured that the dreamer "has seen the Lord." It would be easy to raise a laugh by detailing the grotesqueness of the vision. It is usually a woman who dreams this dream, and I am bound to say that the result of such dreams is not edifying. I cannot say that I ever knew any man, woman, or child the better for dreaming anything. I have known several who were distinctly the worse for it. A year or two ago we had a menagerie established near us for a couple of days. The week after it went away half a dozen people in the next parish dreamt of raging wild beasts. The hyenas were the worst. One young fellow is reported to have said he was glad he had been to the show, for "he guaw'd the look of the devil now as he'd never guaw'd him afore." On inquiry, it turned out that he had been dreaming of the devil, who appeared in the form of a raging hyena, only that he had horns. The wretched youth had a hideous night of it. "That was more nor a dream, that war!" he protested solemnly. "He come that near to me that I couldn't stir; and he says—says he, in a sort of a whisper like—'I'm arter you!' says he; and I shrook out then; and I woke up, and I'd had enough of him that turn, and I don't want to dream that no more!" Unluckily for this dreamer, however, it is by no means certain that this vision of his will not come back to him. Recurring dreams are far from uncommon. I knew a man who had a dream which haunted him for years. He was always able to fly in his dreams, and the pleasure he derived from his nocturnal soars into the empyrean was exquisite. About once a month he dreamt that dream, but he never dreamt it in harvest time. Then the men are always working in company, and the work is really hard work and exhausting. They sleep too soundly then to find any time for dreaming. This man went on at his flying dream for many years, till he was past seventy. He had a long and painful illness, but he slept without dreaming. One night, however, the dream returned, and

in the morning he said to his old wife, "Betsy! I had a flight last night. To-night I shall have that dream again—but I sha'n't come down no more this time!" Next morning the poor woman woke up, only to find that her husband was lying by her side—quite cold.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*. SHADFORTH.—Mr. Thompson's problem is quite sound. It is undoubtedly a hard nut, and very few solvers have mastered its intricacies.

TUCKER (Bristol).—Thanks for problem. It shall appear in its turn.

HY CRANE (Manchester).—Your problem shall be examined. You may expect a report shortly.

J COAD.—The problem of moving the Kt successively over every square has been solved in many ways.

F ANDERSON.—In your problem, with the W Q at K B sq, there is another solution by Q to B 4th (ch). Place the Queen at Q R sq, and let us know the result of your examination from that point.

T J WATKINS.—The analysis seems accurate, and some of the variations are very clever.

ALPHA, J MOON, AND OTHERS.—If 1. Kt to R 4th, the defence is Kt takes P, and how you mate in two more moves?

M GREEN.—If 1. Q to R ab, the reply is P to Q B 5th.

MARTIN E.—You will find the desired information in Mr. Rowland's "Chess Directory."

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2462 received from John W. Bacon (Barnes); of No. 2461 from L C Banerji (Agra); of Nos. 2465 from Dr A R V Sastry (Trincomalee) and J A Colby (Springfield, Mass.); of Nos. 2466 and 2467 from J A Colby; of No. 2468 from M A Eyre, J C Ireland, and M H; of No. 2469 from W L Tucker and J Collins (Salisbury); of No. 2470 from C E Perugini and Captain J A Chaffee (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2471 received from Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), A Newman, R Worters (Canterbury), R H Brooks, and J D Tucker (Leeds).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2469.—By HEReward.

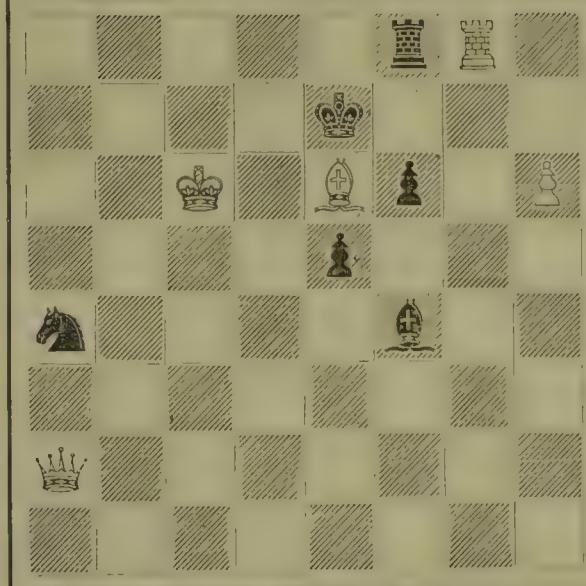
WHITE. BLACK. Any move

1. Q to B 3rd
2. Q or Kt mates.

PROBLEM NO. 2473.

By C. W. (of Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Simpson's Divan between Mr. S. TINSLEY and a strong AMATEUR.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Amateur)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Amateur)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. P takes Q	Castles (K R 8th)
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	19. K R to Q sq	K R to Q sq
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	20. K to B sq	R takes R (ch)
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	21. R takes R	R to Q sq
5. Castles	Kt to K B 3rd	22. R to Q 5th	K to B sq
6. P to Q B 3rd	B to K 2nd	23. K to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
7. This and White's fifth move seems quite against all rules laid down by the authorities; but it comes out all right.		24. Kt to B 2nd	Kt to R 4th
8. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q R 4th	25. Kt to K 3rd	
9. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	26. Kt to B 5th	Kt to B 3rd
10. P takes K P	Kt takes P	27. Tempting Black to play Kt to K 5th, in which case 27. Kt takes K, K takes Kt, 28. B to K 5th (ch) wins the exchange.	
11. Q to R 4th (ch)	Q to Q 2nd	28. Kt to K 5th (ch)	
12. Q takes P	P to Q B 4th	29. Kt to K 6th	K to K sq
13. Kt to Q R 3rd	Q to B 3rd	30. Kt to B 7th	Mate
14. Q to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd		
15. B to B 4th	B to K 5th		

This and White's fifth move seems quite against all rules laid down by the authorities; but it comes out all right.

7. P to Q 4th
8. B to Q 3rd
9. P takes K P
10. B takes K P
11. Q to R 4th (ch)
12. Q takes P
13. Kt to Q R 3rd
14. Q to K 2nd
15. B to B 4th

Black here obtains some advantage of position. White's last move should have been P to R 3rd, or Q to K 3rd.

16. P to Q B 4th
17. B takes Kt
18. Q takes B
19. Kt to K 3rd

Black now almost forced to rid himself of this Knight, in order to afford a retreat for the Queen, if attacked by the Rook.

20. Kt to K 6th
21. R to K 3rd

Black is now almost forced to rid himself of this Knight, in order to afford a retreat for the Queen, if attacked by the Rook.

22. B takes Kt
23. P to Q B 3rd
24. R to K 2nd

If the Q P make the capture, then R takes R P!

25. Kt to K 4th
26. Q to K R 5th
27. R to K 3rd

Conclusive, whatever the reply.

28. R takes R
29. Q to K R 4th (ch) R to K Kt 4th

30. P to K B 6th (ch), and wins.

The following problem by G. Heathcote was awarded first prize in the Bristol Mercury tournament—

White: K at Q sq, Q at Q R 8th, R at Q 7th and K R 4th; Kts at K R 2nd and Q 4th, B at K R sq, P at K B 2nd, K Kt 5th, Q Kt 3rd and Q Kt 4th.

Black: K at K 4th, R at Q Kt 2nd, B at Q sq, Kts at K 8th and Q 3rd, P at K 2nd and Q Kt 4th.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The *Chess Monthly* for August announces one of the most important problem tournaments ever held in this country, for which, through the generosity of its friends, it will give £15 in prizes. The set system is abandoned, and instead separate competitions for problems in two, three, and four moves, and for self-mate positions in three and four moves respectively, will be substituted. Contributions must be sent in not later than Oct. 29 for Europe, Nov. 20 for America, and Dec. 24 for Australia, India, &c. The names of the management are such as to command confidence in the success of the competition, which will be made further interesting by a solution tourney concurrent with the publication of the problems, full particulars of which will be announced in September.

ITALIAN LADIES.

"Italy! It is the East!—a Christian East, if you will, but still the East." These were the words of Madame Félicie de Fauveau, the great female sculptor, who spent part of her long life in Italy. And nothing could be more true. For women Italy is a Christian East. Not only are young girls perpetually watched and "accompanied," but in many families of the upper class even young married women are not allowed to go out alone. What more natural than that this should lead to those habits of concealment and dissimulation with which they are so often reproached? The absence of trust arises partly from the profound distrustfulness inherent in Italian men; partly from the silly vanity of the women themselves, who would be deeply hurt if they were not properly guarded, since they would consider it tantamount to an insinuation that they were so unattractive as not to be in danger of temptation. That absolute freedom from all preoccupation on the subject which distinguishes English and American girls they cannot understand, and hence do not believe in it. The first and only object in life of a young Italian woman of the better classes, indeed of all classes, is to get married—a good marriage if possible, but, above all, a speedy one. And considering that schoolgirls of twelve often carry on a correspondence with officers, assisted usually by the servant who accompanies them to school, perhaps it is as well if they do marry early. It often surprises foreigners to see that men-servants accompany girls to school. The reason is that men-servants rarely lend themselves to abetting the clandestine delights of such juvenile intrigues. Sometimes, but not often, this philandering leads to a serious engagement. If a marriage is proposed for a girl during its existence, she leaves her grenadier or bersagliere to cast sheep's eyes at somebody else, and obediently follows the path indicated by her parents. For, now, at last, has come the moment she has looked forward to from infancy, and her life may be said to have begun. From earliest babyhood her marriage chances have been openly discussed before her. The need to save for her dowry has always been pointed out to her as a motive for economy; her *trousseau* has formed, even in her schoolgirl days, when she not seldom works at it, a topic of discussion between herself and her comrades. When the preliminaries are settled, the young lady with her family and betrothed visit the theatre, as it were in state, which is a polite way of advertising the fact. Then, under the wing of her triumphant mamma, she goes from house to house, exhibiting her betrothed (in photograph) and her engagement ring to her young girl friends, enjoying to the full their admiring envy. Soon comes the great day, for long engagements are not the custom, with its double ceremony, its triple toilette—the municipal, the ceremonial, worn at church, and the travelling dress. After a brief honeymoon she returns to her old home, or that of her husband's parents. A house of her own she seldom can aspire to, unless she marries an officer, and then she only wanders from one lodging to another.

And now, her life's aim obtained, what remains for her to do? She has no housekeeping cares. The female head of a great Italian house is as imperious and despotic as the male one. If she has children she can devote herself to them, but if she lives in the house of her mother-in-law she must submit to her perpetual interference; nor will her married sisters-in-law, who share the same palace, be backward in also tendering advice. Nothing is her own, not even her children. Her husband has his stables, with which no one interferes, but for her there is no domain. Enforced idleness is her lot. The practice of religion no longer takes up time. Religion, in the highest classes at least, is considered rather *bourgeoise*. Intellectual resources she has none. Italian women rarely read, and when they do it is the flimsiest and worst of French novels. Public life is a sealed book to her: so how can she fill her time? Well, sometimes an old admirer comes along, more often she finds a new one. Innocent flirtations are a sealed book to Italians. Friendship between men and women they neither believe in nor understand. The men want to make love, and the women expect to be made love to: it is this which makes general conversation impossible and society insufferably dull. The interchange of views and sentiments, the sharpening of minds by contact with one another, is unknown. Further, too many Italian young women, especially of the middle class, have minds so infinitesimally small that they are content with the smallest of small talk. Of real outdoor life they know nothing. Gymnastics are beginning to be taught in the schools. This is a move in the right direction, but outdoor games cannot be made compatible with the need that the respectable young woman should be "accompanied" everywhere; nor does she naturally incline to exertion. She cares to dance, because she can dance with "him," the permitted he assigned by her parents, or better still, and more often, the forbidden he on whom she has fixed her youthful idle fancy, or because she is admired, and rouses envy; but the mere pleasure in the music, in the rapid motion for its own sake, she knows not. To row would spoil her hands. To ride, she is afraid of the very shadow of a horse! She comes of a race too innately artistic, to do her justice, to care to dabble in landscape-sketching, which would take her out of doors. If any Italian lady takes up art at all, she does it by reason of real talent, and in such cases arrangements are made to enable her to study seriously. If they had the same passion for children that the men possess, the Italian women would be far happier. But their maternal instincts are not excessive, and the Italian mother is rarely to her son what the French woman is to hers. Is it a wonder then that, devoured with ennui, empty-headed, empty-minded, she falls a prey to temptations, and that her life record is rarely immaculate? And has not Dr. Watts himself made her excuse in his famous line *anent Satan and the idle hands?* The astonishing thing is that their deviations from the straight path seem to conduce to their mental development and lead them on to a higher plane. There are some, of course, who are too hopelessly frivolous, but the mass outlive all this kind of thing and become real and intelligent human beings. How this transformation is effected it is not quite easy to understand, but it is analogous to the mental process that turns notorious evildoers, when wearied of ill-doing, into religious fanatics.

It is in her old age that the Italian lady comes into her kingdom, and finds her true place as the Queen of Home. These great ladies who rule their large households so wisely, who are the guiding spirits of a large circle, whose advice and opinions men seek anxiously, are indeed ladies in the highest sense of the term, dividers of bread. They never visit after they come to the grandmotherly age, but some of them receive every evening, some three or two evenings a week. The rest of the household go out to their own engagements, but Donna Luisa, or Elena, or Maria (she is always called by her Christian name) sits smiling and unchanging in her great chair, ready to listen to everybody, to talk to everybody, to sympathise with everybody. And on one day in the week, in the morning this time, she holds a levee for the poor, who come to her for assistance and advice. Her church knows her well, her children rise up and call her blessed, and her death has been known to throw a whole city into mourning.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

More than ever I am impressed, on my present journey on the Continent, with the perfect ease with which two ladies unattended can travel alone in France and Switzerland. It is a sad pity that the many women who cannot obtain the escort of a male relative should therefore consider themselves debarred from the enjoyment and refreshment of foreign travel. It is so much the most delightful way possible of spending a holiday. Every little detail is different, so that change and novelty wait on us about the most trivial and momentary matters. The brain is thus diverted from its customary current without any difficulty or effort. Everybody is most kind to English ladies travelling alone. On the railways and at the hotels we are made objects of peculiar care. I cannot imagine that there should be any difficulty in the path of women of ordinary self-possession and common-sense in travelling alone, provided they can speak a little French; and I counsel any of my readers who may have been waiting and wishing for years that some brother or cousin would convey them to throw away fears and plunge forth alone—that is to say, in that dual company which, as the adage tells us, is perfection.

On such a journey very little luggage is essential. Big boxes are an endless worry. A small leather "Dress Imperial" or large portmanteau suffices. It should be big enough to hold a cotton dress with an extra blouse or two, say one thin and one warmer, and a dressy bodice for table d'hôte, two complete changes of linen (which is enough for a long journey, as it can

be impossible, it is a super-excellent arrangement for two women to take a Continental trip together.

Very interesting and important evidence has been given before the Labour Commission on the effect of the half-time system in schools, that obtains so largely in Lancashire and Yorkshire that one child in every three between the ages of ten and fourteen goes to work. That evidence is, in brief, that the shortened time at school is in every way injurious to the health and the educational progress and the intelligence of the little scholars. In the essential subjects, the half-timers—who are in the mill half the day, at school the other half—only just manage to scrape through their examinations. They are drowsy and heedless, and almost incapable of absorbing their lessons. It is declared to be "certainly untrue that the manual work gives variety to the lives of the children and makes school less irksome for them." The result of the half-time teaching is said to be very superficial, and to leave no permanent educational effect.

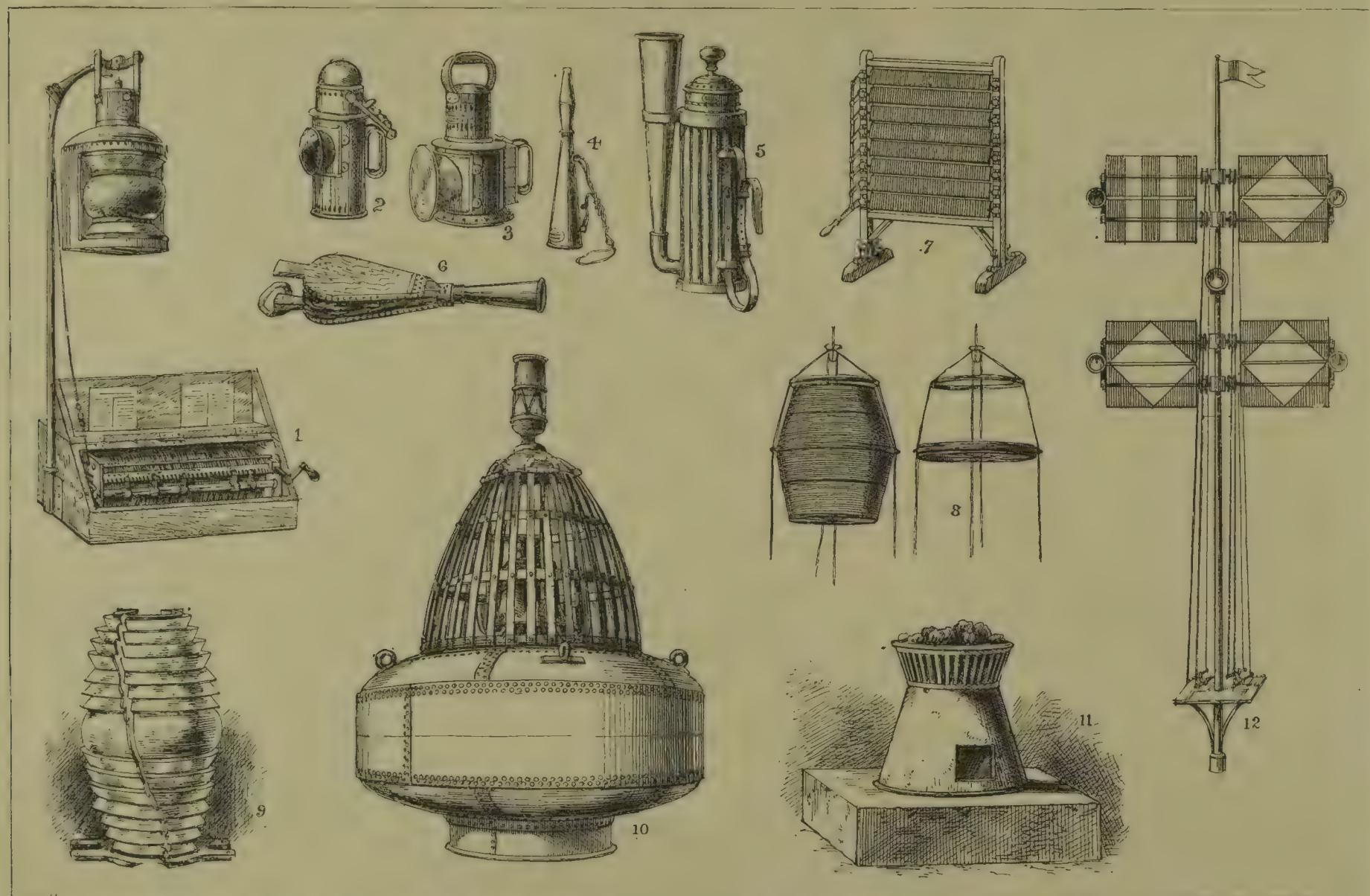
Now, it is hardly too much to say that all the girls in the elementary schools of large towns are "half-timers," in the educational subjects; so many of them are kept away very frequently to assist in the home, to mind the baby, and so on; and when they do go to school, so large a space of time is taken up with the needlework required from them. All this is mere manual labour to which the boys have no equivalent. It seems clear, then, that it is quite unreasonable to expect that the girls should be equally able with the boys to pass in the ordinary intellectual subjects. It is no wonder if they are less advanced in arithmetic, and if fewer "extra" subjects can be taken up. In the London girls' schools the time given to

coralstitch, and finished with frills. The class of work which the girls are forced to do in school is totally unlike anything that they will have necessity or opportunity to do in after life, while quick, useful stitching, cutting out, and patching and darning and altering, which will be required of them, are not taught at all to the majority.

THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

In the Cook Gallery of the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea there are two sub-divisions, that of "signals" and that of "lights, buoys, and beacons," in which many interesting specimens of apparatus and models are to be found, contributed by the Admiralty, the Trinity House Corporation, the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses, the United Service Institution, and by Messrs. W. Nunn and Co., Messrs. James Pain and Sons, the Holmes' Lights Company, of London, Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, and other firms. The attention of many visitors will be particularly directed to the series of lights and fog-signal apparatus, which illustrates the progress made in what may be called Anti-Collision Signalling during the past forty years.

From the earliest times until about 1848 the practice was, when two ships were approaching each other at night, and one apprehended danger, that she should show two white lights in lanterns one over the other on her port or left side, or a single white light on her starboard or right side, according to the direction in which the danger was seen. When steamers became numerous they carried a white light at the masthead to distinguish them from sailing-vessels. About 1848 they began to carry the white light at the masthead, with a red light



1. Flashing Night Signal, for large vessels.
2. Flashing Night Signal for boats, as first used officially in the Royal Navy in 1863.
3. A Tricolour Steering Lamp.
4. Old Style of Mouth Fog-horn.
5. One of the latest Mechanical Fog-horns.

6. First Mechanical Fog-horn, with bellows, invented by Lieut. Key, R.N.
7. Colomb's Model Shutter Day Signal from land to ship.
8. Drum Day Signal from one ship to another.
9. The Dungeness Lens Electric Light, erected in 1862, with electric lamp and special lens, arranged by Professor Holmes and Professor Faraday, F.R.S.

10. Gas and Bell Buoy, at the S.E. Girdler Station, entrance to the River Thames; contains enough gas to last about two months.
11. Old Cresset Burner, with grate for coal fire, used at St. Agnes Lighthouse, Isles of Scilly, in 1860; lent by Mr. Dorrien Smith, Tresco Abbey, Scilly.
12. Crowley's Marine Signalling Apparatus.

ANCIENT AND MODERN LIGHTS AND SIGNALS AT THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

always be washed at short notice at the hotels), handkerchiefs, collars, writing materials, toilet articles, an extra pair of walking shoes, slippers, and dressing gown, and a few favourite medicines. A waterproof, a warm mantle, and a little shawl can be carried in a strap. Then, if a useful tweed or cloth travelling dress, a light cloak or jacket, and a straw hat or serviceable bonnet be worn, the traveller will find herself amply provided.

Management is another important point. Either the tour should be completely planned out before starting, with the aid of a guide-book, and rigidly adhered to; or, what is better, one person should be allowed to order the day's doings from day to day. Discussions and councils are apt to waste time and end in dissensions. The person who takes the management, however, must be unselfish and anxious for her comrade's satisfaction and pleasure; and the other must cultivate a sweet and calm temper, paying for her freedom from responsibility and care by patience when any little thing goes wrong, and by pliability of will for the time being. Given these conditions of mind—common-sense and energy in the one and graciousness in the other, with affectionate kindness in both, I am convinced that a journey of two friends of the same sex is likely to be a more complete success than that of husband and wife, or brother and sister. The physical powers and the mental tastes are more likely to be similar in the former case. Your husband is bored to speechlessness if you take him for a day's shop-gazing in Paris, or ask him to spend a few hours in the fascinating *ateliers* of Redfern or Worth. On the other hand, you are reduced to misery in Switzerland by what he considers an insignificant and wholly delightful day's walking. Your woman friend is at one with you under both circumstances. How often, when we have felt perfectly happy and satisfied with ourselves and our doings, we have seen and pitied the bored husband or exhausted wife! In short, so far from

needlework is on the average one fifth of the school time. If the girls—further handicapped by the irregularity of attendance owing to home claims—could succeed as well as the boys in every other subject, with so much less time, it would prove either that shorter school-hours are desirable or that girls are much quicker than boys.

As a fact, however, the girls in many subjects lag behind the boys, as they might naturally be expected to do, in consequence of the shorter time allowed them for study. But it has long been held as an educational dogma, from which there must be no appeal, that half-timers could do, and ought to do, as well at schoolwork as whole-timers. This theory has depended upon a report made many years ago by the veteran sanitarian Sir Edwin Chadwick. He took evidence from mill-owners, the teachers dependent upon them, and the parents who saw their interest in sending their children early to labour in the mills. It appears now as if the results of Chadwick's inquiries were only another proof, added to the many that have gone before, of the impossibility of getting truthful statements from people whose pecuniary interest is opposed to the facts. If it is made clear by this inquiry that to race a child's intellect against time is not a satisfactory proceeding, it is to be hoped that the result will follow that the needlework requirements in girls' schools will be altered.

Needlework, as it is taught in our elementary schools, is an almost useless subject. The extremely fine stitches which are the one ideal of the male inspectors are really discreditable to our educational system. I have now in my possession some garments which I purchased at Nichol Street, Shoreditch—perhaps the poorest school in all London—as perfect illustrations, to my mind, of how needlework should not be taught to poor girls. These articles are made with infinitesimally fine back-stitching, hemming and sewing, adorned with

on the left side and a green light on the right side. Later, special instruments, such as steam-whistles and fog-horns, came into use for denoting the presence of ships to one another during fogs. The present arrangements for large ships are very elaborate and complete.

In signalling proper—that is, the communication of intelligence from ship to ship at sea—progress is best illustrated by the group of signal-books from the time of Charles II onwards. At first signals were made in the day-time by means of coloured flags; at night, a few signals only, by groups of white lights in different forms, and in fogs not at all. Signalling by coloured flags reached its highest development at the hands of Sir Home Popham in 1816. The semaphore, which is now largely used in day-time instead of flags, was in existence perhaps half a century before being adopted in the naval service. Mr. Redl, an Austrian, was the first to conceive, forty years ago, the idea of a signal system which might be nearly uniform in daylight, by night, and in fog. This is developed in our present flashing system, which was devised by Commander (now Rear-Admiral) Philip H. Colomb, R.N., a Brother of the Trinity House, and by Captain Bolton, of the 12th Regiment, afterwards Colonel Bolton; it was adopted for the Army in 1863, and in 1867 for the Navy.

The night-signalling apparatus for the Navy, used on board ship, consists of a lamp suspended from a gibbet, with a box containing a cylinder turned by a handle; on the surface of the cylinder are four series of pins and bars, which, as the cylinder revolves, act on several keys that control the light in the lamp above. Other apparatus, described in a pamphlet by Messrs. W. Nunn and Co., the sole agents and manufacturers, is used for different purposes afloat and ashore.

Crowley's Marine Signalling Apparatus, which may be attached to the masthead of a vessel or to a shore station, is illustrated by a model at the Naval Exhibition.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

USEFUL TO FIREMEN.
Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell-street and Wilson-street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes:—

“ Aug. 27, 1890.

“ For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

“ I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

“ There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

“ An illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eighteenpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy.”

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

MR. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes:— “ Jan. 7, 1890.

“ On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot in the night; it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about 7 o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ mile for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came; I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until 5 o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house.”

LUMAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace.
“ About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical.”

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club.
“ Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it.”

STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.

From “ Victoria,” “ The Strongest Lady in the World.”

“ It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles.”

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes:—
“ Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months.”

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman.
“ For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold.”

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskelly, Ceylon, writes:—

“ The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once.”

SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.

H. J. BURDEN, Esq., Peckham H. J. H. Harriers' Hon. Sec., writes:—

“ Used your Universal Embrocation for some time, and find it invaluable for sprains and stiffness.”

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

“ I was recommended by my friend ‘ Victoria’ your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties.”

CYCLING.

From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

“ I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation.”

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

“ I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment.”



TO BE OR NOT TO BE
A CASE FOR
ELLIMAN'S?

FOR ACES AND PAINS!

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

“ AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING.”

ONE SHILLING AND THREE HALFPENCE.

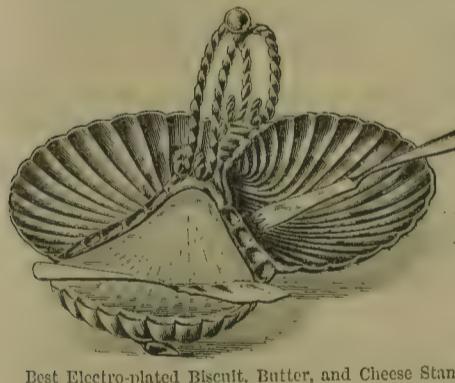
“ And it I will have, or I will have none.”

*Taming of the Shrew,
Act IV. Sc. 3.*

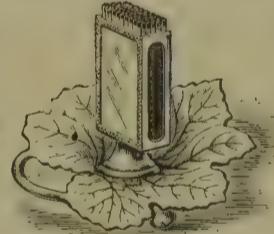
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SOLID SILVER.
The assortment of Goods' suitable for Wedding, Birthday, Christening, or Complimentary Presents is the largest and choicest in London. Many of the designs are reproductions of the antique, at about one-third the cost of the original, whilst others are the Goldsmiths' Company's special designs, and cannot be obtained elsewhere.

ELECTRO PLATE.

The Goods manufactured by the Goldsmiths' Company are trebly plated with Pure Silver on the finest Nickel Silver, are unsurpassed for durability, and are equal in design and finish to Solid Silver.



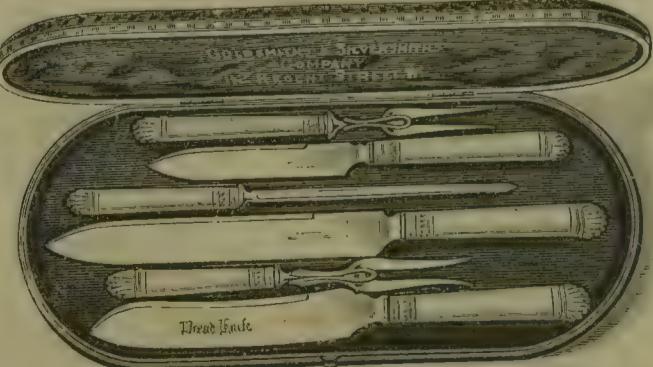
Solid Silver Hunting Flask, to hold quarter-pint, £3 10s.



Solid Silver Round Fluted Mustard Pot, £1 15s.



Best Electro-plated Candlesticks, 5½ in. high, £2 7s. 6d. per pair.
Solid Silver ditto, £5 5s.



Two Pairs Ivory Handled Steel Carvers, One Steel, and Bread Knife, with Solid Silver Mounts, in best Morocco Case, £3 10s.; Two Pairs Carvers and Steel, in Case, £3; One Pair Carvers and Steel, in Case, £2.



Best Electro Pocket Flask, covered Crocodile Leather, to hold quarter-pint, £1 7s. 6d.



Best Electro-plated Candlesticks, 5½ in. high, £1 10s. per pair.
Solid Silver ditto, £4 5s.



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GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

A FRENCHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE PORTSMOUTH FESTIVITIES.

Three only, in half a century, have French ships and French sailors been welcomed by English sailors in British waters, but probably they never were more cordially received than was the squadron of Admiral Gervais at Portsmouth from Aug. 19 to Aug. 25 of the year of grace 1891, when the third visit took place under most auspicious circumstances.

On the two preceding occasions, the visits paid to England by the French ships commanded by the officers of King Louis Philippe and Emperor Napoleon, respectively, were long looked-for events, for which preparations had been made in advance. This time, on the contrary, there was in the reception extended to our sailors an element of spontaneity which enhanced the character of cordiality with which the whole of the proceedings were invested—as is usual, let us add, when British and French officers belonging to what M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, aptly called the noblest profession in the world, meet together in a friendly gathering. True it is that the arrival of the French squadron had been planned beforehand, and that the ships were to visit Portsmouth; but it was not until a few weeks ago that it became known that the Queen of England had expressed the wish to pass Admiral Gervais's squadron in review, and that she had, for that purpose, decided to postpone her departure for her Highland residence.

So great an honour paid by the gracious sovereign who reigns on these isles could not fail to be duly appreciated by the French sailors who were the object of it, and by the French people at large, who have so often, in recent years, had the privilege of receiving Queen Victoria in their midst, and have learned to entertain for her Majesty feelings of more than ordinary respect, and almost akin to that loyalty of the British nation for the gracious lady who for more than fifty years has presided over their destinies. And so, in order to respond to the wishes of the Queen of England, the French fleet hastened to Portsmouth instead of calling at Leith and other places, and in the meantime preparations were being made in great haste by the naval authorities at Portsmouth, so that everything was ready for the reception of Admiral Gervais, when, on Wednesday, Aug. 19, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, the French squadron was sighted off the Nab.

The spectacle which it was our good luck to witness on that occasion was one the remembrance of which will not readily fade from memory. Anchored in three lines at Spithead were seventeen magnificent English ships, manned by gallant British sailors ready to welcome their French comrades. In the distance, their black hulls emerging from the waves had a most imposing aspect and stood out in sharp outline against the lovely background of the verdure-clad Isle of Wight, which is like a basket of flowers rising from the ocean. Round the huge ships, the floating fortresses of England, a number of steamers were carrying hundreds and hundreds of people anxious to get a first glimpse of the "Frenchies," as they were called with friendly familiarity by many; while scores of small sailing craft, bent upon the same errand, their white sails showing like the wings of large butterflies, were hovering about. On the beach and the pier at Southsea swarms of visitors were assembled, watching the horizon with eager eyes. Suddenly the tricolour flag was hoisted on one of the flag-staffs near the castle, and there was a cry of "Here they come!" at which people pressed forward with greater curiosity. And true enough, in the distance could be seen the five ships of Admiral Gervais flying the tricolour. Slowly they advanced until they neared the British ships, when up went the Union Jack at the main-mast, while the guns of the Marengo boomed a friendly greeting, to which the land batteries of Portsmouth immediately replied. At the same time, the strains of the "Marseillaise" and of the British National Anthem were wafted by the breeze from the ships to the land, mingling with the hurrahs of the men of both fleets, as in a mighty hymn of friendship accompanied by the solemn and majestic music of the waves. On they went, the five French ships, past the British vessels, until they reached Osborne bay, when they anchored in view of the Queen of England's marine residence,

where for two days they had the proud privilege of forming a guard of honour to her Majesty, their royal hostess.

With the official receptions I am not concerned. I wish to confine myself to the outward manifestations of sympathy, to the public exchange of courtesies between the French and English fleets; and if I make a passing allusion to the reception by the Queen of Admiral Gervais and his chief officers at Osborne, it is only to say that nothing could exceed the kindness and graceful consideration of her Majesty towards the French naval officers, upon whom this made a deep and lasting impression.

On Friday there were fears that the review would have to be postponed on account of the weather, but fortunately the traditional Queen's weather soon set at rest all doubts on the subject, and convinced the numerous French visitors to Portsmouth that the English belief in the Queen's good luck was more than justified, considering that the review took place on a day which does not enjoy a very good reputation among sailors of all countries. And here, again, we witnessed a magnificent sight. The French ships had, early in the morning, moved to Spithead, and when, at about four o'clock, the Queen's yacht neared the united fleets, all brave with flags from bow to stern, and from deck to masthead, with yards manned by sailors, while the guns were thundering forth their salutes, the enthusiasm was boundless. Slowly and gracefully went the royal yacht, on board of which, in attendance upon the Queen, was the French Ambassador, and as the Victoria and Albert glided between the lines it was impossible to say whether the hurrahs were more hearty and more sincere on the British or on the French ships.

The review concluded what may be termed the royal part of the reception, but there remained important items of the official programme to be gone through, two of which—the ball given by Lord Clanwilliam and the officers of Portsmouth to the French officers, and the banquet offered to them by the Mayor and Corporation—it was my privilege to attend. Externally the Portsmouth Townhall is a very beautiful monument, such as very few towns either in England or in France can boast of possessing; and when, on Friday night, the French guests of Lord Clanwilliam and the British officers entered the handsome hall, tastefully decorated with flags, shields, and dazzling stars cleverly formed of swords and bayonets, they were most agreeably surprised, and expressed their admiration at the spectacle before them. That admiration increased when the ball had fairly begun, and the courtesy and attention bestowed on their French comrades by the English officers of both services was a thing to be remembered. For each French officer was, on his arrival, taken charge of by an English officer, who introduced him to a fair partner, and made (and most successfully) every effort to enable his guest to enjoy the evening's festivities, which all of them did, for they all stayed till very late, and it was not until the small hours that the guests, grey-headed captains and smart aspirants, made their way to their respective ships, delighted with their entertainment.

It was not, however, until the banquet on the Saturday that it was given to all the guests to meet Admiral Gervais. Seldom, if ever, has a foreign officer been more heartily welcomed, more vociferously cheered, than was Admiral Gervais when he rose to reply to the toast so kindly and eloquently proposed by Sir William Pink, the Mayor of Portsmouth. For fully two minutes the French Admiral stood erect in a martial and dignified attitude, evidently highly pleased with his reception, and when silence had been restored he spoke to return thanks. In a firm, clear voice, which was heard in every corner of the immense hall, Admiral Gervais delivered the finest, most tasteful, and able little speech which it is possible to conceive of—a very model of martial eloquence, which was received, as it deserved to be, with loud applause. After him, M. Waddington, in a few humorous sentences spoken in English, proposed the toast of the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth, and his reception, too, was most flattering and cordial.

Shortly after, when the guests left the hall, the French officers expressed themselves highly delighted with the evening's entertainment, which closed the series of official festivities; and since then, in private conversation among them-

selves, and with their countrymen, they have repeatedly declared that their reception at Portsmouth was one of the most cordial and friendly which they had ever enjoyed, and of which they would retain the most grateful remembrance.

And so ended the visit of the French squadron to Portsmouth, during which, from the Queen to the humblest Englishman, the French officers and sailors experienced nothing but the greatest kindness and the warmest feelings of friendship and regard. Such community of sentiment on the part of the Queen of England and her people for the French sailors will prove most gratifying to the French nation, and will, no doubt, contribute to tighten the bonds of amity and friendship existing between them and the English, and, as a natural consequence, tend to the maintenance of the peace of Europe, nay, of the whole world.

PAUL VILLARS.

Mr. W. H. Smith and Mrs. Smith arrived at Walmer Castle from London on Aug. 20. Mr. Smith has made considerable progress towards recovery, and he bore the journey very well, but his medical adviser still enjoins absolute rest and quiet.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, who is residing at present in a little house on the borders of Severnake Forest, has greatly improved in health, and is busily engaged upon the concluding portion of his work—the completion of his philosophical system—on the principles of morality.

On Aug. 24 the Rev. Mr. Moggridge, Episcopalian minister at Dufton, lost his life in trying to save two boys who had gone beyond their depth at Lossiemouth. Mr. Moggridge had rescued one, and was returning to the other, when he was seized with cramp. He was pulled out by two men, but was found to be dead.

The horse-block in the High Bullen, Wednesbury, from which John Wesley preached forty-five sermons during his twenty-seven visits to the town, has been handed for preservation to the trustees of Spring Head Wesleyan Chapel by the directors of the Crown Tube Works, who are building on the site. To commemorate the acquisition of this stone, which is the principal of the few remaining relics of Wesley's visits, the local Wesleyans held an open-air service on the spot on Aug. 26. Addresses, based upon Wesley's life and work, were delivered by the vicar of the town and Methodist ministers. It was Wesley's presence on this block that caused the famous Wednesbury riots in 1743.

The lower half of the window above and on the sides of the well-known bust of Shakspere in Stratford-on-Avon Church has recently been filled with stained glass in memory of the late Shaksperean scholar and biographer, Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S., by his nephew and executor, Mr. Ernest E. Baker, F.S.A. The subject is the sacrifice on Mount Carmel, and, representing prophecy, it is a continuation of the series in adjoining windows, which typify wisdom and poetry. Until a very recent date these spaces in the window were blocked with zinc plates and plaster; now that these obstructions have been removed, it would seem that no fitter situation could have been chosen for the memorial of this Shaksperean student than this one, which is close to the bust and grave of Shakspere himself.

Some of those who were a little inclined to scoff at Lord Salisbury's pessimism when he declared at the Mansion House banquet the other day that Ministers would enjoy the luxury of carrying on the Behring Sea and Newfoundland negotiations for a considerable number of years to come, will now begin to see that the Prime Minister knew what he was saying—so far, at least, as the French shore dispute is concerned. Latest news from the colony says that the local Opposition is sharpening its weapons to fight the Bill upon which Lord Knutsford and Sir William Whiteway have agreed for the permanent execution of our treaty obligations to France. The Bill, unlike the temporary measure now in force, was not the work of the whole delegation recently in this country, and in the petty life of colonial politics it is deemed ground enough for stirring up party bitterness over a delicate matter of foreign affairs such as this. But Newfoundland politicians may be certain that the Bill represents all they are likely to get in the way of a compromise.



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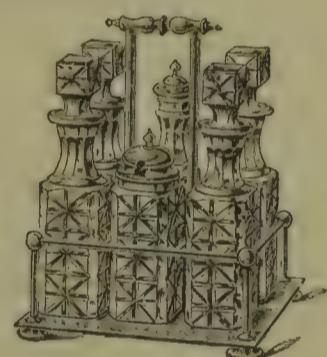
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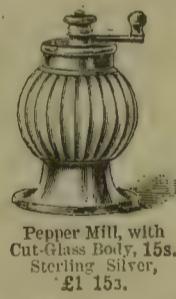
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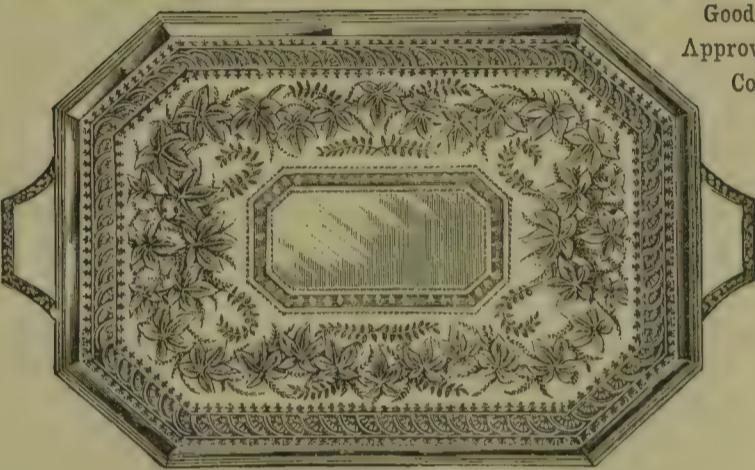
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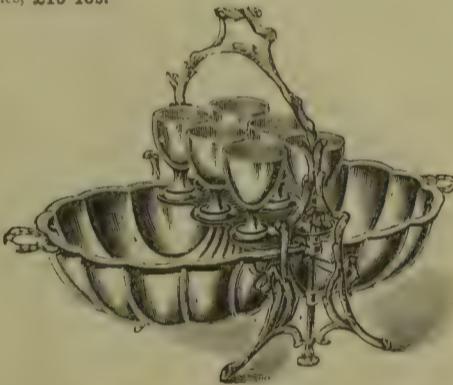
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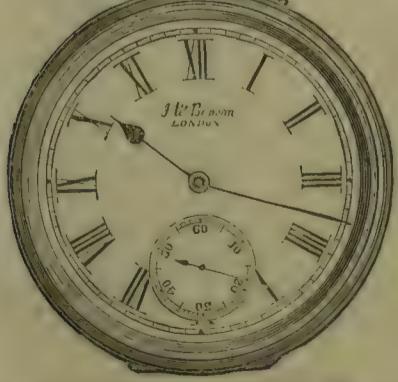
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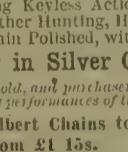
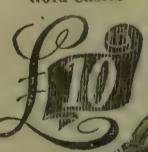
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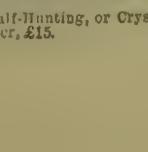
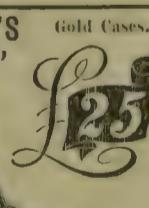
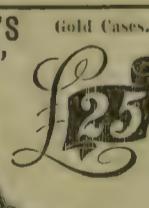
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1877), with five codicils (dated Oct. 7, 1886; July 15, 1887; April 18, 1888; and March 5 and Oct. 5, 1889), of the Hon. and Rev. Kenelm Henry Digby, Rector of Tittleshall, Norfolk, and Hon. Canon of Norwich, was proved on Aug. 13 by Kenelm Edward Digby and Algernon Digby, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £105,000. The testator devises all his real estate to his son Kenelm Edward. He bequeaths all his theological books, bibles, prayer-books, &c., to his son the Rev. Charles Tilton Digby; all his furniture and effects, including family portraits, to his son Kenelm Edward Digby; three sea-pictures of the taking of Spanish galleons by his father, to his son Henry Almerus; £1000 and the proceeds of a life policy, with the bonuses, to his son William Fitzgerald Digby; £1000 to his daughter, Mrs. Emily Buxton; and legacies to servants. He leaves the residue of his personal estate, and appoints the trust-funds under his marriage settlement, to all his children (except Mrs. Buxton), but certain amounts advanced or appointed to his children are to be brought into hotchpot. Out of the share of his son William Fitzgerald, £3000 is to be held, upon trust, for him and his wife and children.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1889) of Mr. Henry William Askew, J.P., late of Burwood Park, Walton-on-Thames, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on Aug. 13 by the Rev. Edmund Adam Askew, the son, and Thomas Johnston, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £66,000. The testator appoints a sum of £3000 in settlement between his five children; and leaves his furniture, pictures, effects, horses and carriages, to his three daughters; the advowson of Greystoke to his son Edmund Adam; Burwood Park Mansion and estate to his three daughters, and the survivor of them while unmarried, then to his son Henry Hugh, for life, with remainder to his son Edmund Adam, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail; and £250 to each of his executors. He makes up the fortune of his son Edmund Adam (in addition to £10,000 payable under his marriage settlement), with what he will receive under other settlements, to £20,000; and the fortunes of each of his three daughters, with what they will also receive under other settlements, to £20,000. The residue of his property he gives to his three daughters. He recites that his son Henry Hugh is already amply provided for.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1885), with three codicils (dated July 30, 1888, and May 5 and Oct. 28, 1890), of Colonel Edmond D'Arcy Hunt, late of 3, Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, who died on June 1, was proved on Aug. 15 by Edmond John Hunt, the son, and the Rev. Robert William Atkinson, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £64,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all the wines, household provisions and stores, horses and carriages, at his London residence to his wife, Mrs. Emily Hunt; his furniture and effects and his London residence, with the stables, to her for life; and a few other legacies. He appoints out of his settled property £2500 per annum to his wife during widowhood, and £1000 per annum for life in the event of her marrying again. He leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, and appoints his settled property, upon trust, for all his children; his son Edmond John to take two shares, and each of his other children one share.

The will (dated May 20, 1890) of Mrs. Fanny Harriet Blommaert, late of Willet House, Elworthy, Somersetshire, who died on May 29, was proved on July 31 by Mary Florence, Dowager Lady Westbury, the sister and sole executrix, the

value of the personal estate amounting to over £41,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 to the Taunton Hospital; all her Great Indian Peninsula Railway Stock to her said sister; all her India Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Stock and her Two-and-a-Half per Cent. Consols to her brother Henry Acland Fownes Luttrell, for life, and then to his daughter Eva; £3500 to her nephew Edward Bethell; £1000 each to her nephews and nieces, Richard, Lord Westbury, Arthur Bethell, Victor Bethell, Florence Ellinor Bethell, and Eva Luttrell; £1000 between the four children of her brother John Fownes Luttrell; and other legacies. The residue of her personal estate she gives to her said sister, Mary Florence, Dowager Lady Westbury.

The will (dated Oct. 5, 1872) of General Sir Orfeur Cavenagh, K.C.S.I., Bengal Staff Corps, late of St. Aubyn's, Long Ditton, who died on July 3, was proved on Aug. 10 by Dame Elizabeth Marshall Cavenagh, the widow and surviving executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator gives the service of plate presented to him by the inhabitants of Singapore and Penang, and any real estate coming to him under the will of his paternal grandfather, to his son Orfeur James Cavenagh; and his gold watch to his son Wentworth Odiarne Cavenagh. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, but as to such part as may yield income for life only, and then for his said two sons, share and share alike.

The will (dated March 21, 1890) of Mrs. Sophia Honor Langton, late of Millbrook, 47, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, who died on July 6, was proved on Aug. 5 by George Langton, Joseph Langton, the nephew, William John Gilks, and John William Tillotson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000. The testatrix bequeaths legacies to her sisters and nephews and nieces. All her real and leasehold estate she leaves to her brother-in-law George Langton, for life, then to her sister Mary Ann Langton, for life, and then to their children. The residue of her personal estate she gives to the children of the said George and Mary Ann Langton, and the children of any deceased child.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1890), with a codicil (undated), of Miss Mary Ann Cape, formerly of Peterborough, and late of 10, Eden Mount, Stanwix, Carlisle, who died on June 25, was proved on July 29 by Andrew Percival, John Andrew Percival, and the Rev. John Henry Kirkby, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Carlisle Infirmary, the Carlisle Ladies' Visiting Society, the Carlisle Home for Incurables, the Carlisle Asylum for the Blind, and the Stanwix Home for Destitute Girls; £10,000, upon trust, to pay the income to Mrs. Annie Cape, the widow of her late nephew Joseph Thomas Cape, so long as she shall continue his widow; and many legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her estate (including the reversion of the said sum of £10,000) she leaves as to eight twentieths to the Church Missionary Society, and three twentieths each to the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.

The will (dated June 25, 1891) of Mr. William Fletcher, late of 7, Trafalgar Lawn, Barnstaple, Devon, who died on July 10, was proved on Aug. 6 by William Stephen Mitchell Fletcher and Thomas Fletcher, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testator gives £500 each to the North Devon Infirmary

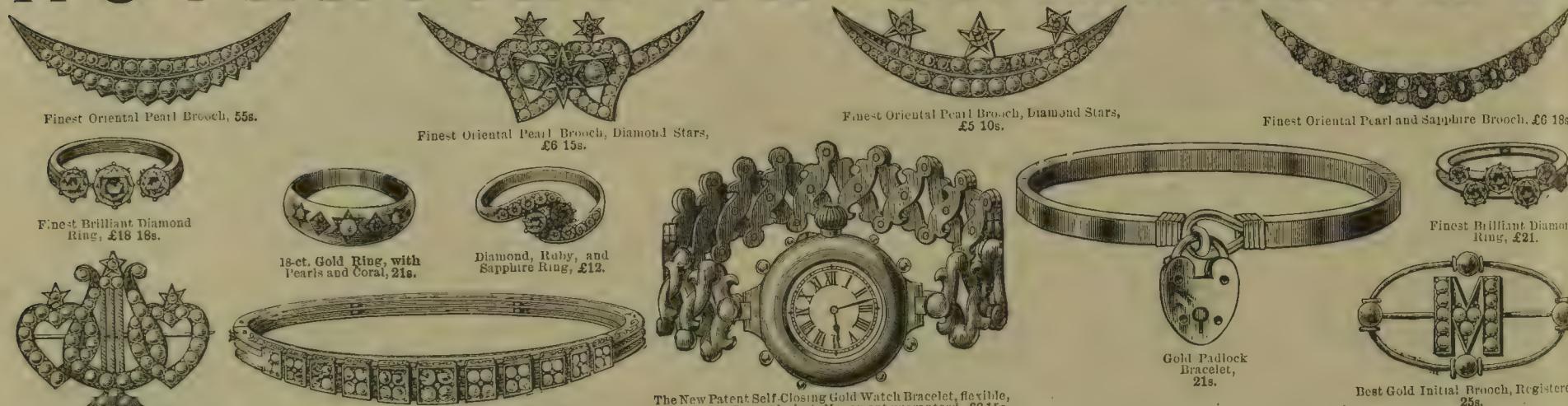
and the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society; £250 each to the Barnstaple and North Devon Dispensary, the Penrose Almshouses, Barnstaple, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Stockwell Almshouses, and to his Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle; £1000 each to his said two nephews, and to his niece Mary Annie Elizabeth Fletcher; and his residence, 7, Trafalgar Lawn, to his three sisters, and on the death of the survivor of them to his brother Thomas. The residue of his estate he leaves to his three sisters, Elizabeth, Martha, and Mary, and his brother Thomas.

The Bishop of Lincoln, who is now on the Continent, proposes to return home in September. His lordship's health is considerably improved, but he has not entirely recovered from the effects of his recent illness.

One of the most interesting natural curiosities in Madagascar is said to be the volcanic crater lake of Tritriva, recently explored by the Rev. James Sebree, jun., and described in the last "Proceedings" of the Royal Geographical Society. It is an oval-shaped hill, with a huge depression inside, the western edge being two or three times the height of the eastern side. Ascending a tolerably easy slope, perhaps 200 ft. in height, the traveller reaches the knife-like edge of the crater, and sees a yawning gulf, encircled by white perpendicular cliffs, while 200 or 300 ft. below lies a blackish-green lake, with waters of unknown depth. A few years ago it was sounded with a line 600 ft. long, but no bottom was found. Tritriva is derived from two words, *trity*, a word used to describe the ridge on the back of a chameleon or fish, and *ira*, low or deep. The name is not inappropriate when the long sloping ridge of the crater is seen. To the geologist and artist this remote mountain tarn is said to be of supreme interest.

Since our annexation of Baluchistan, efforts have been made to redeem the dismal sterility of this province by restoring the forests and vegetation which under native rule, or rather misrule, had been so ruthlessly cut down and destroyed. Captain H. M. Temple, the Political Agent at Khelat, says that an examination of the Bolan pass has convinced him that, notwithstanding its barren look, much can be done in the way of planting trees thereon. The small gardens which previously existed at Mach and Rindli have been greatly enlarged and improved. Nurseries have been instituted for striking cuttings of the trees best suited to the pass, and many—about eighty thousand—cuttings have been planted *in situ*, so as to avoid the necessity of moving them from distant nurseries to the places where they are to remain. Time is, of course, required, but in a few years a sensible effect will have been produced. At Mach extensive valleys exist, in which numbers of trees can be grown. A nursery of pistachio-trees has been commenced, the tree being indigenous in the Upper Bolan, where it may be seen growing wild in places which are difficult of access to flock-owners. As all animals eat it with avidity, the young trees will have to be carefully looked after. Throughout the upper portion of the Bolan, arboriculture is rather more difficult on account of the scarcity of water. In the lower part of the pass the most suitable trees are pipul, babul, shisham, cirrus, and date; while about the middle of the Bolan, mulberry, willow, apricot, peach, pinus longifolia, poplar, almond, chunar, and walnut do well, while willows grow readily and quickly in lower parts, which seem to be only beds of stones. There was but little crime on the Bolan highway during the last administrative year, the road being less used than formerly, owing to the opening of the railway lines.

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CATS AND THEIR BARDS.

One of our lady cultivators of the Muse is said to be engaged in making a posy of cat-poetry—of poetry devoted to the cat. It is to be hoped that she will not fail to include in the collection her own pretty contribution to the subject. Among the lyrics published by Mrs. Graham R. Tomson is one entitled "Arsinoë's Cats," in which a young Greek lover is made to tell how his sweetheart bade him procure for her "A little lion"—i.e., *felis leo*—"small and dainty-sweet, With sea-grey eyes and softly-stepping feet." But alas! in those days the cat was not to be found in Greece; the youthful swain was not willing to go to Egypt for the coveted pet, and so was promptly "cut out" by a rival. As he himself tells us—

Far-travelled Nickas hath woed and won
Arsinoë
With gifts of furry creatures white and dun
From over-sea.

So far as England is concerned, the earliest of the poets' cats are those which Shakspere knew or fancied, and of which he made so many of his creations speak. It was "the Bard" who first called the fury and purry race "harmless" and "necessary." It was he who gave immortality to "the poor cat i' the adage," who—timorous soul!—let "I dare not" wait upon "I would." "Let Hercules himself do what he may, the cat will mew," says Hamlet, and no one can contradict the statement. The cat mews frequently in Shakspere, as becomes a spoiled child of the Muse.

But which was the first of the pussies to be actually named in verse? Does not the honour belong to the "pensive Selima" of Thomas Gray?—to that "dumarest of the tabby kind," whose fatal curiosity and (was it?) greed gave the occasion for some of the most familiar of philosophising? "What female heart can gold despise? What cat's averse to fish?" "Her conscious tail her joy declared"—she saw, and purred applause." Who can help being grateful to a pussy which could inspire a poet to write with so much charm? Cowper sang of "a poet's cat" which got shut up in a drawer; but he forgot to hand its name down to posterity. All we know is that it was a cat "sedate and grave, As poet well could wish to have," and that for a resting-place it could ascend to an apple-tree or descend to a watering-pot. Allan Ramsay told of "two cats" that quarrelled over a cheese, which the judge—a monkey—pronounced upon most effectively by eating it himself. But here again no names are mentioned. Why all this reticence? Mrs. Hemans—worthy soul!—records the story of one Puss and Dash, a cat and a dog which were not contented with their lot; and this, perhaps, is the most unkindest cut of all, for, if the dog could be christened, why not its be-whiskered and be-clawed companion?

Better days for cats came in with that Dr. Daubeny who was Professor of Botany and Chemistry at Cambridge, and who has left behind him some lines in celebration of a four-footed pet called "Clubby." This was a cat worthy of association with a learned master—

Clubby! thou surely art, I ween,
A Puss of most majestic mien,
So stately all thy paces!
With such a philosophic air
Thou seek'st thy professorial chair,
And so demure thy face is!
And as thou sit'st, thine eye seems fraught
With such intensity of thought
That, could we read it, knowledge
Would seem to breathe in every mew,
And learning yet undreamt by you
Who dwell in Hall or College.

Something of this same solemnity appears to have attached itself to the Atossa described for us by Matthew Arnold—that unfeline Atossa, if we may so call it, for whom poor Matthias, the canary, would chirp and flutter by the hour without rousing any visible emotion—

What were now these toys to her?
Down she sank amid her fur;
Eyed thee with a soul resign'd—
And thou deemedst cats were kin!
Cruel, but composed and bland,
Dumb, inscrutable, and grand,
So Tiberius might have sat,
Had Tiberius been a cat.

Memory recalls to us yet another unnamed cat of poesy—that cat which Loulou (as we read in the verse of Mr. Lockermaston) succeeded in wheedling out of the possession of M'sieu Pons while Madame's back was turned—

Long hair, soft as satin,
A musical purr,
'Gainst the window she'd flatten
Her delicate fur.

And so Loulou coveted her, and got her—though Loulou's spouse confesses woefully that he is nervous and hates a cat! Then, has not "Pen-brynn's bold bard" (as Matthew Arnold calls Mr. Lewis Morris)—has not the poet of Hades also descended to celebrate a cat as "dear little friend," as "breathing a gentle air of hearth and home," and as possessing a low purr which "to the lonely ear doth oft with deep refreshment come?"—

With graceful play
Thou dost beguile the evenings, and dost sit
With men demurely fit . . .
And always thy delight is, simply neat,
To seat thee, faithful, at thy master's feet.

Mr. Cotsford Dick, it may be noted, has composed a poetic testimony which might be paid, he says, by "Any maid to her Tabby's shade." Of this typical tabby he observes—

Oft have I watched around thy head
With cleansing zeal
One patte to steal,
By hygienic instinct led
(The *Nunc Dimittis* of a meal),
And deemed I saw
A moral law
Dictate the action of that paw.

Words failed him, it seems, when he sought to sing in adequate numbers "that polished air, that *savoir faire*," which is so often the endowment of the catty tribe.

Bards, it is well known, will moralise over everything, and they have moralised not only over cats but over kittens. The sage and sober Joanna Baillie, after watching a kitten at its games, is fain to ask what it is that charms us in such a spectacle—

Is it that in thy glaring eye
And rapid movements we desyre,
While we at ease, secure from ill
The chimney-corner snugly fill,
A lion darting on the prey,
A tiger at his ruthless play?
Or is it that in thee we trace,
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem viewed with kindred eye,
Of tricksy, restless infancy?

Wordsworth once watched a kitten on the wall, "sporting with the leaves that fall," and left behind him a pretty picture of the scene thus presented, coming to the conclusion that even if little Tabby knew she was being watched she would still go on at her pastime—

Over-wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure.

The privileges of Pussy have struck the imagination and excited the humour of two bards of our own day, causing them to express their envy in engaging fashion. Mr. Beatty-Kingston, contemplating the pleasures enjoyed by his own particular *felis felix*, sings—

My painful lot it is to toil
From early morn to evensong,
While she lies curled up in a coil,
And sleeps or eats the whole day long.
My occupations keep me thin,
Her idleness results in fat;
If I could life again begin,
I fain would be a household cat!

In the same strain sings Mr. Walter Parke, who, very properly, would like to commence as a kitten, because then, as he says—

I'd be the pet of girl and boy,
And wear a bow of crimson silk;
And oh! what rapture to enjoy
The lap of luxury—in milk!

As he regrettfully adds—

To parr the purr of sweet repose
On someone's lap, so soft and warm—
These pleasures are denied to those
Who walk about in human form.

Many a true word is spoken in jest; and though the American humorist (Mr. Newell) imports puns into his tribute to the cat, there is some sincerity in his praises. Says he—

A model cosmopolitan is she,
Indifferent to change of place or time;
And, like the hardy sailor of the seas,
Inured to every climb.
In unthematics she eclipses quite
Our best professors in the science hard;
When, by her quadrupedal mode, she shows
Her four feet in a yard.
Then turn not from poor Pussy in disdain,
Whose pride of ancestry may equal thine;
For is she not a blood descendant of
The ancient Catty-line?

Pussy figures, of course, largely in the literature of the very young. Ann and Jane Taylor made her the subject of more than one infantile lay, and many is the nursery rhyme in which her fascinating name occurs. These, however, hardly aspire to the rank of poetry, in which, on the whole, Pussy has met with very fair attention.

D. A. J.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., sailed from London for Sydney on Aug. 21. He is taking the voyage in the interest of his health, and hopes to be back in the month of January.

The late Sir Prescott Hewett, Bart., F.R.S., the celebrated surgeon, who was also a distinguished amateur artist, having expressed a desire that part of the collection of water-colour drawings which he had formed should find a home in the galleries of the South Kensington Museum, to which he had been a constant visitor, his only surviving children, Miss Prescott Hewett and Mrs. Hallet, have now given effect to his wishes by offering a selection of fifty of the best and most representative works by various artists—several of whom are at present unrepresented in the Historical Collection at South Kensington—with one of Sir Prescott's own drawings, to the Lord President of the Council, by whom, as ex-officio trustee, they have been accepted. The terms of the deed of gift are much the same as those under which the late Mr. Sheepshanks gave his celebrated gallery of pictures to found a National Gallery of British Art at South Kensington in connection with the Museum and School of Art.

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KEEP PACE WITH DIRT.

As the world's knowledge of sanitary needs is augmented, the necessity of absolute cleanliness enforces itself with increased power, and gains wider acceptance. Still, marked as our advance has been in this direction of late years, there yet remains a great deal for the sanitary reformer to do before the virtue of cleanliness is adequately recognised.

If it could only be thoroughly realised by all, as it ought to be, that cleanliness is the chief promoter of health, and that health is the leading element of happiness, many of the discomforts and evils of existence would disappear.

The President of a *quâ non* of recent a Happy Sanitary Life. Congress, addressing an assembly of doctors and savants, insisted upon "the cultivation of cleanliness as the *sine qua non* of a happy life here and hereafter"; and he declared that "if by some magic spell England could wake to-morrow physically clean, she would wake pure also in spirit and godly in comprehension of goodness."

This spiritual ideal is perhaps beyond the hope of perfect completion, but as to the physical aspect of the question there should be neither doubt nor delay in bringing about its attainment. It is within the power of everyone to compass this, both as regards one's individual self and one's home surroundings. A pure body is the natural accompaniment of a pure mind, and a pure home is a home made sweet and beautiful, into which disease finds it difficult to enter.

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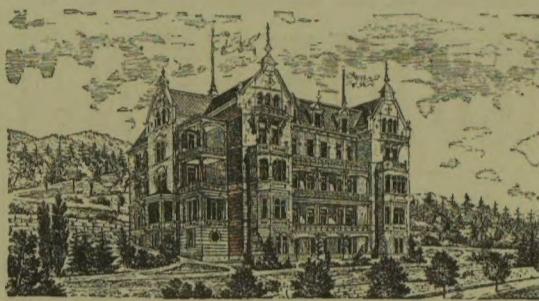
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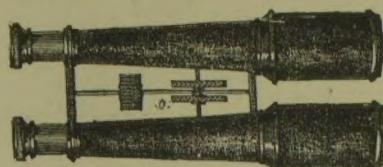
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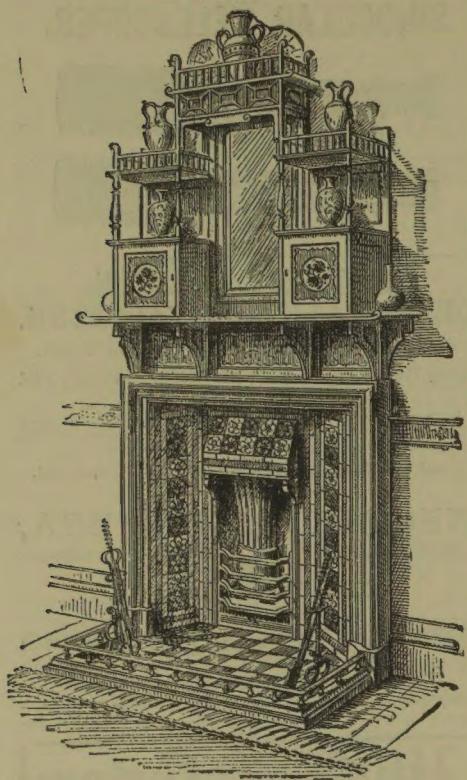
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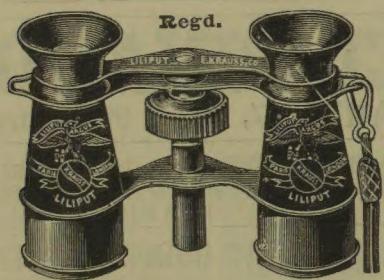
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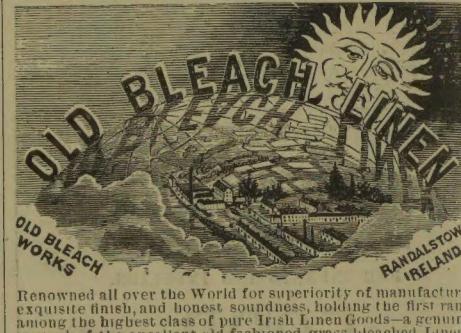
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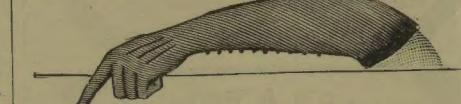
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